OCTOBER, 1899.

THE BOOKMAN

A Journal of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Mr. Louis Loeb, whose original sketch of an Andalusian dancing girl appears as a frontispiece to this number, and forms an illustration to "The Bayadère," by Regina Armstrong, is a painter and illustrator in whom temperamental feeling and academic expression are happily blended. Mr. Loeb never lets us feel that he has gone very far away from classicism; and yet what a world of feeling he sounds through his technique and manifests in his line! This artist has his own ideas of technical exposition, and demonstrates them as much in form as he does in values and composition, using the inspiration as fundamental and working it out with careful regard to the main conception.

Mr. Loeb has acquired a reputation as one of the foremost illustrators of our time in the short period of six years. He is now a young man just turned thirty, and has attained that independence of fame that makes him able to control his own movements and work. The Salon du Champs de Mars has conferred on him several medals and an honourable mention for his portraiture and paintings. His pictorial work is distinguished by its sensitive refinement and finished treatment. With a fancy exuberant and rich, he furnishes among the illustrators of to-day an interpretation to text, that is singularly intelligent, clear and comprehensive, and he goes about it with a simple directness that lifts it into the unmistakably spontaneous. Some of his most notable work has appeared in *Scribner's Magazine.* He is now engaged in painting a portrait of Mr. Zangwill, whose pressing preoccupation with the rehearsals of his *Children of the Ghetto* does not, however, permit the artist to make much progress with his subject.

Mr. Lionel Decle has scored a distinct success with his new book, *Trooper 3809,* for within a week of publication the first edition was exhausted. Mr. Decle is a great traveller and is already known to the reading public as the author of *Three Years in Savage Africa.* For some years he served on the staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette,* and was special correspondent for that paper in Russia at the time of the death of the late Czar. He then undertook a journey through South and East Africa, the results of which are embodied in his book. Last year he spent several months in this country and did some sensational work

LIONEL DECLE.

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as special correspondent for the New York *Journal* during the Spanish-American War. Before he had finished passing the proofs of his new book he started on a journey through Africa along the route of the proposed Cape to Cairo Railway, in behalf of the London *Daily Telegraph*.

One of the things connected with the second trial of Captain Dreyfus that has impressed us greatly is the very inefficient service rendered to the leading American newspapers by their correspondents at Rennes. During the latter part of the trial, several columns were cabled over each day, but in those columns not even the most intelligent person could perceive any logical or connected chain of evidence. Casual questions and apparently irrelevant answers appear to have been selected haphazard and then rushed over here to be published in an entirely meaningless jumble. If the correspondents in question did not possess a gift of selection which would have enabled them to extract the significant parts of the testimony and mass it together in an intelligible way, then at least they might have abstained from any attempt to give a verbatim report, and they should have confined themselves to a general account of the progress of the trial, with a summary of the comments of such observers present as were competent to form a clear opinion of the general drift of what was taking place. What our papers actually printed, however, was a ridiculous hodge-podge that could only exasperate and bewilder all who attempted to read and understand it.

Another discreditable phase of this same subject is the fact that our journals allowed their general sympathy for Dreyfus to affect and colour the cabled reports which they saw fit to publish. Everything that seemed unfavourable to Dreyfus was belittled, or ascribed to prejudice and conspiracy, or was entirely suppressed; while everything that seemed likely to establish his innocence was exaggerated and set forth with disproportionate insistency. No matter what ruling was adopted by the President of the Court, it was described as grossly unfair; and from the first, nothing was allowed to appear that would lead an American reader to suppose that Dreyfus was getting an honest and impartial trial. Yet the English correspondents, although they, too, as a rule, supported the theory of the prisoner's innocence, took a very different view of the proceedings at the trial. Mr. G. W. Steevens, for instance, who is perhaps the most keen-sighted and acute of all living newspaper correspondents, and whose reputation has extended from journalism into literature, declares that from the outset he was convinced of the honour and sincerity, and also of the capacity, of the seven officers who composed the court; and we think that his opinion is entitled to very serious respect.

The truth is, that so much sentiment has been evoked over this very famous case that few persons in our country can think or speak about it with any clarity of thought or sobriety of language. Dreyfus may be an innocent man, but the presumption is, on the face of it, against him. He has had two trials, or if we include the proceedings before the Cour de Cassation, three; and he has been condemned twice by the verdict of his peers. He has had the assistance of the ablest lawyers in France, the support of an influential section of the French press, and also the advocacy of men of great political importance; while the members of the French Government at the time when the second court-martial was convened were, if not favourable to his cause, at least favourable to an entirely impartial investigation of it. Consequently, it is not necessary to foam at the mouth in discussing his second conviction, nor to ignore the fact that even in the one-sided reports that were cabled to this country, it was made fairly evident that the hypothesis of his guilt or of his complicity with others still more guilty was not invalidated by any evidence presented at his trial.

We doubt whether there was ever found massed together so much proof of the inability of the average person to think straight, as is to be found in the written and spoken comments on the Dreyfus Case, as these have poured forth during the last few weeks. It seems almost impossible for the majority of mankind to separate in their thought the relevant from the irrelevant. Thus, for ex-

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ample, in discussing the real question at issue an immense amount of talk is wasted over the fact that Dreyfus is a Jew and that the Anti-Semites are hostile to him for that reason. But what bearing has this upon the question of his guilt? Dreyfus is not innocent just because a great many persons who call themselves Anti-Semites choose to say and do outrageous things. Again, there is no doubt that the treatment which he received on Devil's Island was barbarous and cruel and a lasting disgrace to one of the most civilised nations of the world. Yet Dreyfus is not innocent by reason of the fact that he has been tortured in body and mind. In a word, all the sentimental considerations that influence so many minds have in reality no more relation to the case in its legal aspect than have the prophecies of Zadkiel or the statistics of the forthcoming census. Meanwhile, we await with interest the publication of the official report of the second trial.

A. CAHAN.

It was only last month that Mr. Maurice, in the opening installment of his "New York in Fiction," recalled the fact that it was Mr. Zangwill who first recognised in Mr. Abraham Cahan's "Yekl" the only genuine Jew in American fiction. And now comes the welcome announcement that Mr. Cahan is putting the finishing touches to a new novel which, we may safely predict, will contain many worthy companions to "Yekl." The story of Mr. Cahan's own early life has already been told; how he began his career as a teacher in a small Russian village, and how he became implicated in the nihilist movements at the time of the assassination of Alexander II., in 1881, and was obliged to flee to this country. It was just at this time that the anti-Jewish agitation was begun in Russia, in such towns as Elizabetgrad, Kieff, Balta and Ekatarinoslav, where thousands of Jews found themselves homeless, their houses looted and burned and they and their families forced to flee for their lives. This was the beginning of the great emigration to this country, which in a few years raised the number of Jews in America from one hundred thousand to more than half a million, and gave Greater New York the largest Jewish population of any city in the world.

Up to this time Mr. Cahan had been too deeply engrossed in the wider field of national politics to give much heed to a side issue like the status of the Jew in Russia, but in making his escape from that country he passed through Austria, and there found himself on the highway of Jewish emigration to the "Land of Promise." Thousands of families were sleeping in the open fields, and many were the scenes of pitiful destitution which he witnessed; yet they all pressed onward, animated by the inspiring cry: "To America! A home, a home!" These scenes made a profound and lasting im-

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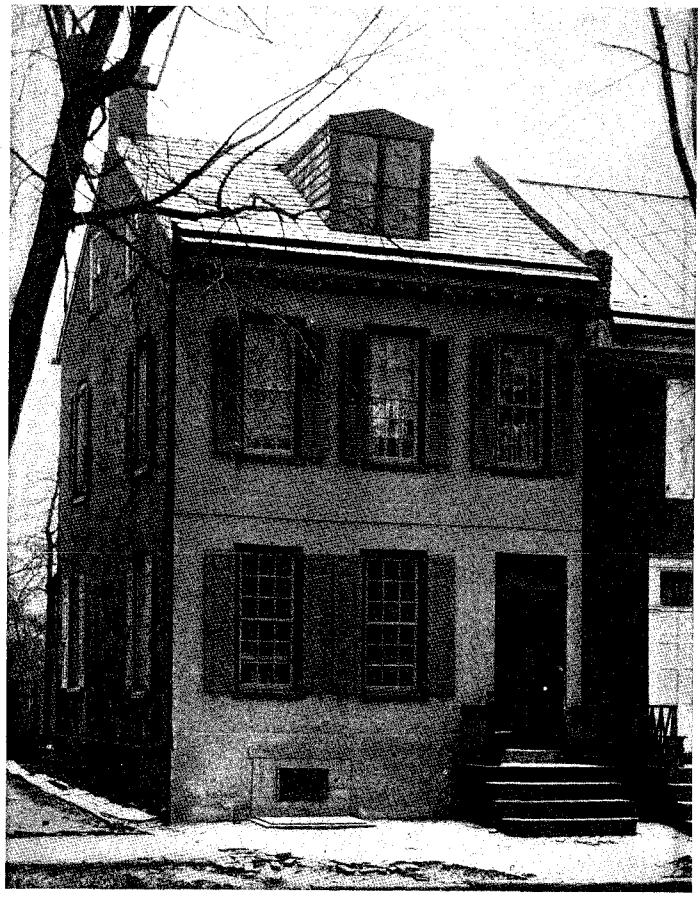

THE HOUSE IN BURLINGTON, NEW JERSEY, WHERE FENIMORE COOPER WAS BORN, SEPTEMBER 15, 1789.

pression upon Mr. Cahan, and he has drawn upon them freely for the material of the opening chapters of his new novel. The main part of the story, however, deals with the Russian-speaking Jew in America; but beyond the bare fact that the book is to be a study of certain curious social conditions of contemporary Jewish life in this country, Mr. Cahan is very reticent about the theme of his new work, even refusing to divulge the title, which, although monosyllabic, is said to symbolise the *motif* of the whole story.

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Just one hundred and ten years ago Fenimore Cooper was born in Burlington, New Jersey, and the house in which he saw the light is still standing and in a good state of preservation. The old-fashioned board shutters still remain, but it is possible that the roof-dormer was added at a later date. Here Judge William Cooper settled after his marriage to Elizabeth Fenimore in 1775, and resided until his removal with his large family, of which Fenimore Cooper was the eleventh, to Otsego County, New York. Here, in what was then known as the wilderness of Northern New York, he made large purchases of land, and succeeded in turning the tide of immigration in that direction, so that before his death Judge Cooper claimed to have settled more acres than any man in America.

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An engraving in a magazine of the early forties gives a picturesque view of the southern end of Otsego Lake and the village beyond, showing in the foreground a scow laden to its capacity with a picnic party bound for the famous "Three Mile Point." At that time Otsego Lake was almost in its primitive loveliness. Some years previous, Cooper had written *The Chronicles of Cooperstown*, and in the closing chapter he predicted that it would not be long before the shores of the lake would be bright with villas and country seats after the manner of the lakes of Westmoreland in England. It is only now after an interval of nearly sixty years that this is gradually taking place. To-day the feature of the lake may be said to be the camping houses which line its shores and which are occupied during the summer season. To-day the prosaic steamboat takes the place of the scow and the toiling horse-boat. The Point is reached in fifteen

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minutes instead of an hour. A modern cook-house has been substituted for the fireplace in the hollow of an old oak, and the spirit of romance, like the ghost of other days, has forsaken this shore for the hills on the eastern side of the lake, which are so precipitous and rugged that they are likely to remain for long in primitive forest.

COOPERSTOWN AND OTSEGO LAKE OF TO-DAY.

Looking over the records of those years, one finds that Governor Seward was invited to one of these scow parties when he was making a tour of the State in the summer of 1840. The whole village turned out to accompany him on this festive occasion, and the reporter of the day concludes his glowing account of the entertainment and reception in fitting 1840-language:

It was a delightful spectacle to see men of both political parties burying the war hatchet and coming forward to pay their respects to the individual who holds the first office in the State. The Governor was welcomed by a speech, to which he replied in a modest, chaste and classical manner, which was acknowledged by the cheering plaudits of the stronger sex, mingled with the smiles which lit up the countenances of the fair.

Cooperstown lost its Abbotsford, when in 1852, the year following Cooper's death and that of his wife, who survived him only four months, Otsego Hall, which had been converted into a summer

COOPERSTOWN AND OTSEGO LAKE IN 1840.

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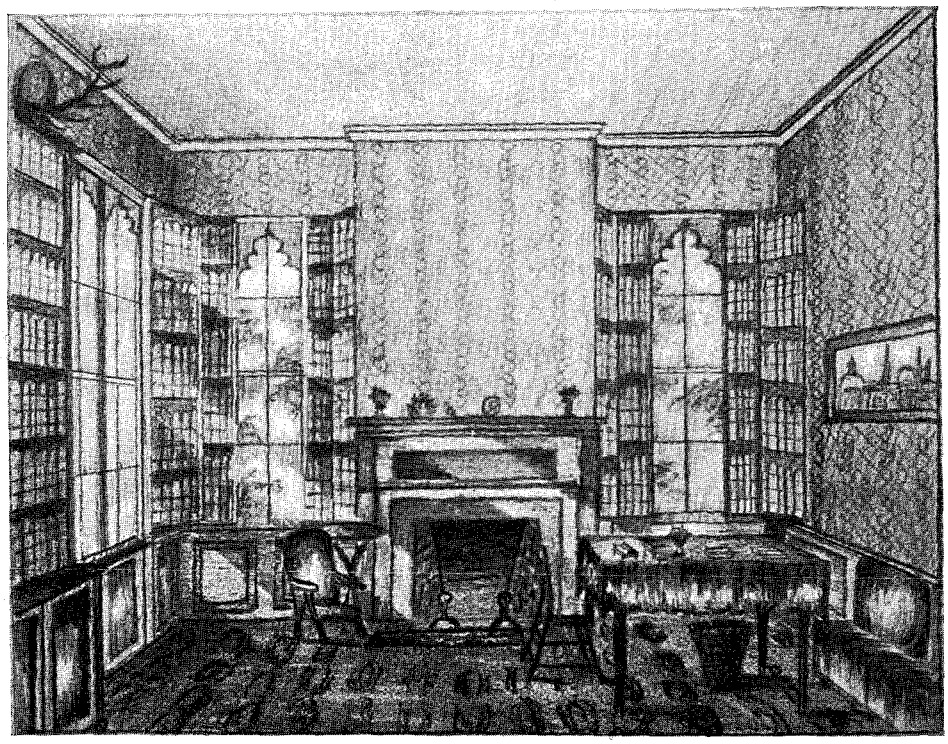

THE LIBRARY IN WHICH FENIMORE COOPER WROTE MOST OF HIS BOOKS.
From a pencil sketch made shortly after Cooper's death.

hotel, was destroyed by fire. In the new museum which stands hard by the old site of the Hall there is preserved a carefully constructed model of the house as occupied in its complete state by the novelist. Many loans and gifts have been made to the museum, not only of relics connected with Fenimore Cooper, but also of historical mementoes of Otsego County and the vicinity. Twenty years after the fire which destroyed the Hall, a village street was laid out over the site; but later on a small enclosure was made, and a boulder with a suitable inscription marked the spot. In the summer of 1897 application was made to close the street and to construct a village park of the five acres composing the Cooper grounds, and last year saw the completion of the scheme. Nearly all the trees planted by Mr. Cooper, and taken by him from the native forest, having now fifty years of growth, form an interesting feature of the park.

Fenimore Cooper had a strong partiality for the native oak of the forest. The beams of Otsego Hall were of oak, and he was determined that the entrance gates, hung on the buttress of stone, which gave the entrance an imposing and baronial appearance, should also be made of oak. Blacksmith and stonemason, however, failed to hold and anchor their ponderous weight, and the gates were constantly sagging and defying efforts to open them. A frequent lady visitor at the Hall one day playfully presented the owner with a bill for three pairs of kid gloves which she claimed had been destroyed in vain endeavours at various times to effect an entrance to the mansion. Finally the stalwart proprietor was himself detected in scaling the wall, and not long after this light pine wood took the place of weighty oak; but Cooper was never satisfied with the enforced substitution. For years after the destruction of the house the castle wall at the entrance was the only relic left to mark what once had been an American adaptation of a baronial hall. The oak doors were saved from the fire, and subsequently were used in the erection of a cottage

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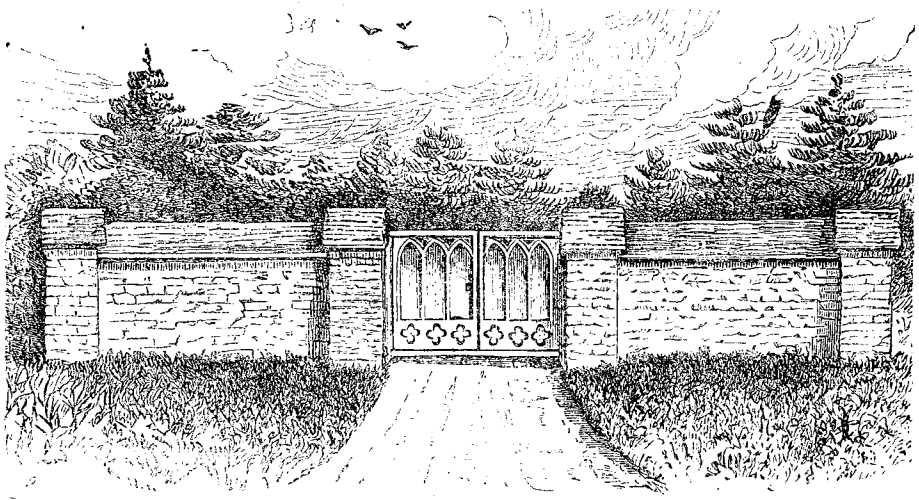

WALL AND GATEWAY TO OTSEGO HALL, BUILT BY COOPER.

From a pencil sketch.

in which two unmarried daughters of Cooper's lived, and still later a widowed sister.

Many erroneous statements have been made as to where Cooper wrote some of his famous works. A recent writer, for instance, has claimed that in his home in Westchester County all of the Leather-Stocking Tales were written, whereas both *The Pathfinder* and *The Deerslayer* were conceived and written out in the library of Otsego Hall, and it was there that his most important work was done. Otsego Hall was pre-eminently his literary home. The library room was plainly furnished. The only picture extant of the library is the one which appears here, and which is taken from a pencil sketch made shortly after Cooper's death. The author's writing table, which stood in the library, was of plain black walnut, and was highly esteemed as a family heirloom, its origin dating far back beyond recollection. It was brought from Burlington with the settlement of the Cooper family in Otsego County in the last century, and was known as "Rancocus," from the creek which formed the boundary of the farm in New Jersey. It is fondly remembered by those who knew the Hall in Judge Cooper's day, as the conservatory of the cake-basket, that excellent housekeeper Mrs. Cooper having kept the legs of the table so highly polished that no mouse was ever known to ascend them!

We are indebted to Mr. J. Pomeroy Keese, of Cooperstown, New York, for these authentic facts relating to the creator of "Natty Bumppo"; and also for the interesting pictures which are herewith presented to the large public which Cooper still commands.

We learn that *David Harum,* after hanging fire for some time in England, has at last taken a bound into popularity. Two large editions have been rapidly exhausted, and at the time of writing the sales are steadily increasing.

An amusing story which we can vouch for was told us the other day by a transatlantic passenger, who had just returned from a trip to Europe. It appears that a number of publishers and editors were on board the steamer going east, and the question having been raised as to what books were most popular, it was decided to take a novel method of investigation. When the dinner bell sounded and the passengers had all scurried downstairs to the dining-room the aforesaid publishers and editors remained on deck and counted the number of books left lying on the chairs. The result was

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a great surprise, as the book of which most copies were found on deck had not been mentioned at all in the discussion. There were thirteen copies of *When Knighthood was in Flower,* and next to that came *The Day's Work*—six copies, and *David Harum*—five copies. *When Knighthood was in Flower* is now nearing the hundredth-thousand mark.

The Bowen-Merrill Company announce for early publication a story of the Civil War entitled *The Legionaries,* by "Henry Scott Clark," which is the pseudonym, we understand, of a prominent Indiana jurist. As a child the author remembers how Morgan's raiders terrorised Indiana in 1863, and the story has grown largely out of neighbourhood tales of "when Morgan crossed the Ohio." The "Legionaries" is the name which Governor Morton gave to the home guard organised to repel or to capture the raiders, but the "Legionaries" figure less in the story than does Morgan's famous cavalry. It is said to be a narrative of historic value and interest as well as an exciting story of the events and war feeling in a region too often slighted by historians of the Civil War.

Another historical romance which is promised by the Bowen-Merrill Company has for an inviting title *The Black Wolf's Breed,* by a new Southern writer, Mr. Harris Dickson. It is a romance of the period of *The Refugees,* but Mr. Dickson's story begins on this side of the water in Louis the Fourteenth's own province, and after carrying his hero thence on a secret embassy to the French king, the young provincial is brought back to Louisiana, where the story ends as it began in vigorous style.

A book published by the Bowen-Merrill Company entitled *Johnnie,* by Dr. E. O. Laughlin, just before last Christmas, has been slowly gaining recognition through the year, and has passed through several editions. We understand that there is quite a demand for the book at present, and in the opinion of one prominent educational journal "*Johnnie* ought to be in the Normal course of every primary teacher." When we reviewed the book on its appearance we spoke of its unusual merits, and reference was made to a letter written to Dr. Laughlin by the author of *Sentimental Tommy,* in which Mr. Barrie testified to Johnnie's being "a real boy."

It is just eleven years since Matthew Arnold died and his friends tarried after the funeral by the quiet grave in Laleham Churchyard. Since then Arnold has had a growing bibliographical importance, but it would seem that his reputation has been killed from a biographical point of view, as no attempt has been made, and probably no attempt will now be made, at a really artistic memoir of the eminent English poet and critic. In this respect Matthew Arnold's father was more fortunate. When one recalls that excellent biography and the enduring fame which has been won for the memory of John Sterling by the genius of Carlyle, one cannot but sigh over the biographical eclipse of Matthew Arnold. Even the two volumes of his letters, published about two years ago, show no sign of going into a second edition. Meanwhile we have from the hands of Mr. George Saintsbury a biographical and critical volume on Matthew Arnold—the first of a new series of literary monographs dealing with modern English writers. Other volumes will follow shortly on Stevenson, Tennyson, George Eliot, Thackeray, Ruskin, Browning, Dickens, and other modern writers, and among the writers of this series we have the eminent names of Andrew Lang, Sidney Lee, Augustine Birrell, W. E. Henley, John Oliver Hobbes and Alice Meynell. Mr. Henley is to take care of Dickens, which will be an intellectual treat; but we could have foregone this to have had him write of Stevenson instead. The subject, however, has been relegated to Mr. L. Cope Cornford, who has been hitherto more or less well known as a writer of stories, long and short. This will be the second volume in the series, and will appear shortly.

Mr. Robert Barr is telling the story of a jest played by him upon a London editor. It was when he was running the *Idler,* and happened to have one of Mr. Kipling's stories in his possession. Dis-

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believing in this particular editor's judgment, he submitted Mr. Kipling's story to him without a name. The editor promptly returned it as poor stuff. Mr. Barr has not ventured to call upon that editor since. He is now at work, by the way, upon another series of short stories.

The Macmillan Company will be the publishers of Mr. Clement Scott's reminiscences of the theatre as reviewed by him for so many years in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* of London. The book will probably make its appearance during the autumn. A record and review of the histrionic career of Sir Henry Irving, with about fifty illustrations and portraits, is being prepared for the same firm by Mr. Charles Hiatt, and will have a timely appearance when Sir Henry visits New York in November.

The Doubleday and McClure Company announce a life of Abraham Lincoln by Miss Ida M. Tarbell, part of which has been exploited in the pages of *McClure's Magazine*. The merit of this biography will lie in its historical research and data, and will be invaluable as a reference book on the subject, for it is the result of several years' exhaustive investigation among original sources and verification of all the facts of Abraham Lincoln's life. A book of another character is announced to appear this month from the press of the Macmillan Company entitled *Abraham Lincoln: The Man of the People*, by Norman Hapgood. This volume is intended to furnish an intimate story of Lincoln's life, and throughout, Lincoln is looked upon as the incarnation of the spirit of democracy. The character of the man, his strong and racy individuality, are kept well in the foreground. The completeness with which he understood the common people is shown to be the basis of his power as a leader in a crisis where ordinary principles were useless. Mr. Hapgood firmly believes in the charm and health of American life, and finds Lincoln the most thorough representative of our national spirit among all the prominent men in our history. This announcement is certainly one to arouse expectation and strong interest in so personal and intimate a treatment of "the first American."

A new work by the author of *With Kitchener to Khartum*, entitled *Imperial India*, has just been published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. Mr. G. W. Steevens is one of those fortunate writers whose brilliant work wins for them a public always on tiptoe for their next book. There is some talk of Mr. Steevens's long-expected novel being ready for publication next spring. Just at present Mr. Steevens is busy with his series of papers descriptive of the oddities of London life, some of which have been appearing in the columns of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*. Much has been written in an impressionistic way about London, but it would be difficult to imagine any one writing a more realistic picture of some of the phases of London life than are presented in these chapters.

Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts has recently been spending some weeks with Mr. Steevens in rural England. For some time he has been engaged on a new novel, the third in his series of old Acadian life tales. It is to be entitled *Green Walls and Red Waters*, and will appear serially in *Lippincott's Magazine* as soon as it is completed.

Hitherto a novel called *If* has held the record for a brief title, but this record has just been beaten by a Miss Marjorie Williamson, who has published a story in England with the first person singular title *I*. We have already had *She*. The *Academy* asks, "Who will snap up the remaining personal pronouns?" Mr. Albert Lee comes very near to it in the title of his announced new volume of marital sketches to be published shortly by the Messrs. Harper, the title being *He, She and They*. A humorous work in German was popular some years ago under the prominent title *Er, Sie und Es*.

Little more than half a century ago Carlyle gave to the world his vigorous and invigorating work on Cromwell—made visible and real to us what until

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then was "a deadly indescribable *Cromwelliad.*" Last spring the three hundredth anniversary of the great Puritan's birth was celebrated in England, and echoes of the event have been reverberating in the book-world since then. Two important announcements that have just been issued would seem to have come as an afterthought. In the *Century* for next year, beginning in November, there will appear a *Life of Oliver Cromwell,* by the distinguished statesman and man of letters, Mr. John Morley; and for *Scribner's,* Governor Roosevelt has written a monograph on Cromwell which will begin in the January number. While Mr. Morley's articles will have all the weight and authority that a student of history and literature may bring to the treatment of so important a subject in English history, the story of Cromwell as told by Theodore Roosevelt will undoubtedly make a more popular appeal. Cromwell has always been one of Mr. Roosevelt's heroes, and the more he has studied him, the more, he says, he has grown to admire him. His object in writing of Cromwell has been not only to laud him as "one of the greatest generals of all time and as a great statesman who did a marvellous work," but to show Cromwell's relation to the birth of Anglo-Saxon liberty as seen in the perspective of the present day—his bearings upon the later movement for the political and religious freedom of England in 1688, and in America in 1776 and in 1861. Both series of articles are to be profusely illustrated by well-known English and American artists; that in *Scribner's* after the manner of illustration which proved so attractive an accompaniment to Senator Lodge's *Story of the Revolution* last year.

Mr. Howard Chandler Christy, whose distinctive pictorial work in the August *Scribner's* was singled out for praise in these columns last month, is at work on a unique series of coloured pastels similar in style and size to his pastels of the Men of the Army and Navy. The series will consist of eight figures presenting some of the favourite heroes and heroines of modern romantic literature. A fact of especial interest in the portrayal of these characters is that certain popular actors and actresses who have recently made them familiar on the stage to the public have posed to Mr. Christy as models for his portraits. For example, Mr. Joseph Jefferson, who has manifested great interest in the project, has posed for Rip Van Winkle in costume, and he says that it is the only Rip in colour for which he has ever posed. Mr. Barrie's Babbie will be represented by Maude Adams; Carmen, by Calvé; D'Artagnan, by E. H. Sothern; Rudolf, by J. K. Hackett and others. The portfolio will be published some time during the month. It is the plan of the publishers to issue three editions: First, the regular popular edition, uniform with the Men of the Army and Navy portfolio; second, a special edition of two hundred and fifty numbered sets on Japan paper, and a third edition even more limited, each of which will have an original drawing specially made for it by Mr. Christy.

A playwright and actor, Edwin Milton Royle by name, will contribute an article on "The Vaudeville Theatre" to the October *Scribner's,* which will be of interest to a large class of people who seek this kind of entertainment. Mr. Royle argues that the vaudeville theatre has come into existence through the same necessity which has produced public favour for the department store and the short story, and he shows that this form of entertainment has established the "commercial value of decency." Not the least interesting announcement regarding the treatment of this theme is that it will be illustrated from life by W. Glackens.

Some months ago we jestingly remarked that Mr. Dooley would probably find himself one of these days on the vaudeville stage in the form of an Hibernian monologue; but it would appear that he is really to meet with a more flattering distinction. We learn that Mr. Charles Frohman has secured the rights to any dramatisation or play that may be made with Mr. Dooley as the central character. Mr. Dunne told Mr. Frohman that he had no objections to Mr. Dooley figuring on the stage, but that if he ever got there, some one else would have to write the play—certainly he

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wouldn't. Some authors whose first thought, nowadays, in writing a story is to think of its probable dramatisation, and who seem to be of the opinion that to write a play is nothing compared to writing a story, ought to take example by the sensible attitude of Mr. Dunne.

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Mr. John Blair, whose successful appearance in Ibsen's *Ghosts* gave distinction to the close of the last dramatic season, has arranged to give a course of five plays during the present season. The plays to be presented will be selected from the work of Echegaray, Hauptmann, Sudermann and other representative modern dramatists of Europe. The preference is to be given to those plays which, while of extrinsic interest and value, appeal necessarily to a rather limited audience, and which serve their purpose in an indirect rather than a direct manner; stimulating the critic and the dramatist to higher comprehension and effort, and through them seeking to arouse an ultimate response on the part of the general public. Mr. Blair's first performance will be given at a New York theatre in November. The opening play is not definitely settled, but it is thought that Hauptmann's *Lonely Lives* will be selected. The subsequent performances will be given in December, January, February and March, after which Mr. Blair may make a short tour through some of the larger cities, repeating the performances given in New York.

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In choosing the plays, care has been taken to select those most practicable with regard to the expense of presentation, as it is desirable to make the course of plays self-supporting, and yet to present each play adequately. Subscriptions for the course will be ten dollars, making the price of a single seat for each performance the same that would be paid for an orchestra chair in any first-class theatre. There is no intention or desire to compete with the regular theatres, but it is believed that there will be found a sufficient number of persons interested in the more permanent forms of the drama and in its healthful development to give Mr. Blair the hearty support his undertaking deserves. The course of plays is to be given under the patronage of such men as William Dean Howells, Bronson Howard, Messrs. Charles and Daniel Frohman, David Belasco, Charles Scribner, George Vanderbilt, Evart Jansen Wendell and Henry Miller. Mr. Blair's scheme is the most practicable that has yet been presented in this country, and we are glad to note that it is meeting with hearty approval. Mr. Blair expects, by the way, to include one American play in his course.

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Few plays of recent years have caused so much comment in the literary columns of the press as the dramatisation of *Vanity Fair*, which is now being played in New York by Mrs. Fiske. It seems to be generally supposed that Thackeray's great novel is now dramatised for the first time, but this is not so. In 1882 a comedy founded on the novel was produced in England, and it is not so very long since a one-act sketch called *Becky Sharp*, by Mr. J. M. Barrie, was produced at Terry's Theatre in London. In this country Mr. Langdon Mitchell has had at least two predecessors who antedate even the two English productions which we have mentioned. One of these was by the well-known actor-playwright John Brougham, and the other by the playwright-actor George Fawcett Rowe. Brougham's version was performed in 1849. None of these dramatisations, however, seems to have been very popular.

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Mr. Andrew Lang has made confession of his literary feminine passions, and says: "Did I keep a seraglio, as Dr. Johnson contemplated doing (a seraglio of the fancy), it would contain Elizabeth Bennet, Marianne Dashwood, Anne Elliot, out of Miss Austen's lot. From Scott's lot, Rose Bradwardine, Diana Vernon, Catherine Seton. I do not want any of Dickens's young women; but, of course, Beatrix Esmond is always the queen of these gatherings, with Becky Sharp, Theo Lambert and Betsinda. Miss Barbara Grant in *Catriona*, and Miss Rose Joscelyn in *Evan Harrington* represent Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Meredith; and Mademoiselle de Montalais stands for Dumas."

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Mr. Lang's princely recognition of Beatrix Esmond's regal power recalls, in distinct contrast to the vagueness of Thackeray's portraiture of Becky Sharp, the exquisite portrayal of Beatrix—perhaps the most convincing and burning description of corporeal loveliness in English literature:

—and from one of these a wax candle in her hand, and illuminating her, came Mistress Beatrix—the light falling indeed upon the scarlet riband which she wore and upon the most brilliant white neck in the world. Esmond had left a child and found a woman, grown beyond the common height; and arrived at such a dazzling completeness of beauty that his eyes might well show surprise and delight at beholding her. In hers there was a brightness so lustrous and melting that I have seen a whole assembly follow her as if by an attraction irresistible. . . . She was a brown beauty; that is, her eyes, hair and eyebrows and eyelashes were dark; her hair curling with rich undulations, and waving over her shoulders; but her complexion was as dazzling white as snow in sunshine; except her cheeks, which were a bright red, and her lips, which were of still a deeper crimson. Her mouth and chin, they said, were too large and full, and so they might be for a goddess in marble, but not for a woman whose eyes were fire, whose look was love, whose voice was the sweetest low song, whose shape was perfect symmetry, health, decision, activity, whose foot as it planted itself on the ground was firm but flexible, and whose motion, whether rapid or slow, was always perfect grace—agile as a nymph, lofty as a queen—now melting, now imperious, now sarcastic—there was no single movement of hers but was beautiful. As he thinks of her, he who writes feels young again and remembers a paragon.

Thackeray as an artist, we need scarcely say, was from some points of view not successful, especially in his technique, of which he had practically none and claimed to have none. But now and again the character, if not the drawing, of his sketches, was felicitous in suggestion, and among these must be included the characteristic design which he made for the cover of *Vanity Fair,* as it originally appeared in parts. Readers of *Vanity Fair* will remember the author's reference to this woodcut, following upon Becky Sharp's "Private and Confidential" letter to her dearest, sweetest Amelia. "While the moralist," he says, "who is holding forth on the cover (an accurate portrait of your humble servant) professes to wear neither gown nor bands, but only the very same long-eared livery in which his congregation is arrayed; yet, look you, one is bound to speak the truth as far as one knows it, whether one mounts a cap and bells or a shovel-hat; and a deal of disagreeable matter must come out in the course of such an undertaking." The moral st in question, as will be seen from the fac-simile of the cover design herewith given, bears not the slightest resemblance to Thack-

From "Vanity Fair." Copyright, 1898, by Harper & Brothers.

THACKERAY'S DRAWING FOR THE COVER DESIGN OF "VANITY FAIR."

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eray; but Thackeray was not averse to caricatures of himself in this way, as the curious may readily discover by looking over the designs and comic pictures drawn by his contemporaries.

What a telling picture is that of Charlotte Brontë's in which she sees Mephistopheles standing on the right hand of the author of *Vanity Fair,* and Raphael on his left; the great doubter and sneerer often guiding the pen, the angel, noble and gentle, interlining letters of light here and there! It reminds one of Thackeray's drawing of the Mesmeriser standing over Becky Sharp, but where was her good angel?

Lovers of Thackeray and of the Brontës will remember the curious bit of literary scandal popular in London after the success of *Jane Eyre.* This book, it will be remembered, was dedicated to Thackeray as "the first social regenerator of the day." An ingenious writer broached the idea that Thackeray had drawn his Becky from "Currer Bell," and that she had paid him back in kind by depicting him as Edward Rochester. Indeed, there was a curious and unpleasant resemblance between the domestic affliction of the novelist and that of the hero of *Jane Eyre,* but fancy Becky identified as she of whom Thackeray in "The Last Word of the Roundabout Papers" spoke as "a little, austere Joan of Arc." As a matter of fact, Thackeray and Charlotte Brontë did not meet until after the second edition of *Jane Eyre* was issued.

Charlotte Brontë herself describes that not very auspicious meeting with Thackeray. Their admiration for each other, respectively, as the authors of *Jane Eyre* and *Vanity Fair,* was on a true, high level; but personal contact did nothing to heighten it. "When Mr. Thackeray was announced," wrote Miss Brontë, "and I saw him enter, looked up at his tall figure, heard his voice, the whole incident was truly dream-like, I was only certain it was true because I became miserably destitute of self-possession." To another friend she said: "I felt sufficiently at my ease with all except Thackeray, and with him I was painfully stupid." To her father she wrote freely: "Yesterday I saw Mr. Thackeray. He dined here with some other gentlemen. He is a very tall man—about six feet high, with a peculiar face—not handsome, very ugly, indeed, generally somewhat stern and satirical in expression, but capable also of a kind look. He was not told who I was, he was not introduced to me, but I soon saw him looking at me through his spectacles; and when we all rose to go down to dinner he just stepped quietly up and said, 'Shake hands;' so I shook hands. He spoke very few words to me, but when he went away he shook hands again in a very kind way. It is better, I should think, to have him for a friend than an enemy, for he is a most formidable-looking personage."

It has been claimed, and not without good cause, that in the whole of English literature there is no book that can compare in widespread interest with *The Life of Charlotte Brontë,* by Mrs. Gaskell. "What a story is that of the family of poets in their solitude yonder on the gloomy Yorkshire moors!" exclaimed Thackeray in his eloquent tribute to his admirer. As the English copyright in the book expires this year, there is likely to be a number of editions published at about the time the copyright runs out. Indeed, we know of two editions that are already being prepared by English publishers, and there is likely to be more than one in this country. By this work the name of Mrs. Gaskell will be remembered long after *Wives and Daughters,* and even *Cranford,* are forgotten, because of the undying genius of Charlotte Brontë, with whose name Mrs. Gaskell's is inseparably linked. It may seem strange to a public that now starts to erect a memorial to less deserving authors before their clay is cold that no public memorial was raised to the memory of Mrs. Gaskell until a short time ago. This memorial is in the form of a beautiful bas-relief, which was erected on the front of the Knutsford Post-office by a private individual, a Mr. R. H. Watt. Knutsford is a most appropriate place for such a memorial, being not only the original of Cranford, but also the Hollingford of *Wives and Daughters,* and the Barford of *The*

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Squire's Tale. The portrait, which is herewith reproduced, is a bust of Mrs. Gaskell from the photograph which was taken in Edinburgh a year or two before her death, and is worked in bronze. Knutsford is situated some fifteen miles from Manchester; here the Parish Church, in which she was married in 1832, may still be seen, and also the house

BROOK STREET CHAPEL, KNUTSFORD, AND MRS. GASKELL'S GRAVE.

of Heathside, in which she lived for several years, as well as the Brook Street Chapel, in the graveyard of which she was laid to rest in 1865. It is this quiet chapel-yard which is so faithfully depicted in *Ruth.*

❧

The perennial interest which the Brontës command is not only marked at present by the preparation of several editions of Mrs. Gaskell's biography, but also by the publication of two new editions of their works. We have just received from the Messrs. Scribner the first volume of the Thornton Edition of the "Novels of the Sisters Brontë," which they have imported from the English publishers, Messrs. Downey and Company. This volume contains *Agnes Grey,* by Anne Brontë, and is published at two dollars. The Thornton Edition is edited by Temple Scott, and is beautifully printed on excellent paper. Another edition, in which we must confess we take greater interest, is the Haworth Edition, already announced, to consist of seven volumes, each novel to contain a preface by Mrs. Humphry Ward. The first volume will be *Jane Eyre,* and will be issued immediately; and Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë,* with notes by Mr. Clement K. Shorter, is to be included in this edition. Messrs. Harper and Brothers are the publishers of this edition.

❧

It is to be hoped that the report is untrue to the effect that Mr. Shorter is to reprint the passages in Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë* which gave so much pain to the Rev. Patrick Brontë, and which appeared only in the early editions of the book. Much that is valuable may be added in notes by an editor, and we have no doubt that the author of *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle* knows his Brontë better than any man living, but it would be a pity to revive matter that, to say the least of it, was inaccurate and exaggerated, and which the author herself expunged from the book. There is something very pathetic and distressing to us about the figure of Charlotte Brontë's father speaking with tears in his eyes of the aspersions on his domestic character, and the exaggerated statements having reference to the eccentricities of his daily life, given to the public in Mrs. Gaskell's memoir. With all her charm and literary skill there were grave faults on Mrs. Gaskell's part, which she made haste to remedy as soon as she realised the harm she had done.

❧

We also deprecate a suggestion which was made recently in the columns of

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Literature that "any new edition of Mrs. Gaskell's biography should contain the full text" of the curious unpublished manuscripts written in microscopical characters by Charlotte Brontë, between her fourteenth and twentieth years. *Literature* adds that these manuscripts "are important as showing the early style and ability of a novelist who subsequently perfected both in a marked degree." But this is just what they do not indicate. We have read a number of these manuscripts, one of which is entitled "Albion and Marina, a Tale, by Lord Wellesley, the Principal Part possessing Fact for a Foundation, Published and Sold by Serjeant Tree, and all other Booksellers in the Glass Town, Paris." It is dated October 12, 1830, and the whole tale is written on sixteen pages, measuring two and a quarter inches by one and a half inches, and enclosed in a blue paper wrapper bearing the inscription, "Purified Epsom Salts, Sold by J. West, Chemist and Druggist, Keighley." In her preface Miss Brontë, who must have been a juvenile wonder, says, "I wrote this in four hours." The Duke of Wellington figures as the "Duke of Strathellecray," and "Lady Zelzia Ellrington" stands for Lady Blessington. There is nothing in these early manuscripts to denote the genius that expressed itself at its full height instantly in *Jane Eyre,* and later in *Shirley* and *Villette.* Their only value is that of relics or curiosities attached to a name that is renowned in English literature; but it would be grossly unfair to Charlotte Brontë, as it would be most trying and unjust to the reader, to foist these manuscripts on the public as early literary efforts to which the genius of this gifted writer could be traced to its source.

Some day somebody will write a *History of Literary Fashions,* recording the several phases of the eternal struggle between Realism and Romanticism, noting the flux and reflux of the tide of mere Sensationalism which threatens to swamp us now and again, and measuring the frequency with which certain topics come into favour and once more decline. Twenty-five years ago there was a centennial interest in the deeds of '76. Fifteen years ago the *Century* war-series shifted the interest to the men of '61; and that interest had its expression on the stage in Mr. Howard's *Shenandoah.* Then came the Napoleonic revival with Professor Sloane's solid biography and with M. Sardou's amusing *Mme. Sans-Gêne.* Now the signs point toward a boom in Dutch New York. Mr. John Fiske is soon to publish the section of his American history dealing with the Dutch colony, and Mr. Maxfield Parrish has illustrated a new edition of the veracious chronicle of Diedrick Knickerbocker. Mr. Charles Barnard has written the adventures of a Dutch lad in Old New York. And early in October, a comedy drama in four acts entitled *Peter Stuyvesant, Governor of New Amsterdam,* by Messrs. Brander Matthews and Bronson Howard, is to be produced at Wallack's Theatre, with Mr. William H. Crane as Peter the Headstrong.

MRS. GASKELL IN BAS-RELIEF.

Mr. Ralph A. Lyon of the Associated Press, Baltimore, has sent us an interesting communication. Mr. Lyon says that

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while making research for literature concerning parodies he came upon an English work published in the eighties, and entitled *Parodies of the Works of English and American Authors,* collected and annotated by Walter Hamilton, Fellow of the Royal Geographical and Royal Historical Societies. Mr. Hamilton, it appears, included in his work a poem by Richard Allison, to which he appended the following note:

JANICE MEREDITH.
From a miniature in colour.

Herrick had no occasion to steal, yet there is little doubt but that his "Cherry Ripe" was adapted from Allison's earlier and prettier poem, "There is a Garden in Her Face," whilst the following lines (which occur in his poem upon Mistress Susanna Southwell)—

Her pretty feet
Like snails did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they played at bo-peep
Did soon draw in again,

were stolen (and spoilt in the stealing) from Sir John Suckling's inimitable "Ballad upon a Wedding":

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light:
But oh, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

Mr. Lyon says that he has seen no mention of this little bit of literary history in any of the standard reference works or dictionaries of literary biography. He then quotes for us Allison's poem, "There is a Garden in Her Face."

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do inclose,
Of Orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds fell'd with snow;
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still,
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

❧

We learn with pleasure that the hopes we had in the spring for Miss Ada Merito's return to the Irving Place Theatre in this city are to be realised. This accomplished young actress was the leading lady of Mr. Conried's stock company last season, and will resume this position on her arrival in New York early in October.

❧

We now learn positively that *The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson,* edited by Sidney Colvin, will be published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons on or about the twenty-fifth of October. It will be in two volumes and will contain numerous illustrations.

❧

Mr. Ford's *Janice Meredith,* which is now appearing serially in THE BOOKMAN, will be published in book form in two editions during the present month. The regular dollar and a half edition will probably be out as soon as this is in the hands of our readers; the other edition, which will be in two volumes, and will be profusely illustrated, will follow in a few weeks. The price will be four dollars. A unique feature of the cover design will be a coloured lithograph of a miniature of Janice. This miniature portrait is Mr. Ford's conception of his heroine, and it will also be presented as a frontispiece in colour. The reproduction

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A CORNER OF PAUL LEICESTER FORD'S STUDY.

given here in black and white robs the original of its exquisite tone and delicacy, but it will serve to indicate what Mr. Ford's delightful maiden of many moods was like. We also give a picture of a corner of Mr. Ford's library, which occupies a long, stately room in his home in Brooklyn. Any one who has visited Mr. Ford's library will at once recall the description of the library in which the hero of *The Story of an Untold Love* passed his youthful days.

It is not to be expected, we suppose, that magazine readers interest themselves as much in the artists who draw the pictures as they do in the writers who contribute the stories and articles. But the unusually clever illustrative work of Mrs. Mary Baker-Baker—her only signature being a symmetrical, angular, double "B"—must have attracted some attention. Mr. R. H. Russell, we learn, has made a collection of her funny animal drawings which have appeared in some of our comic papers, and will publish these very soon under the title *Animal Jokes.*

In *Ione March,* Mr. Crockett's fresh experiment in fiction, his exuberant fancy has taken a new departure, but not in a very happy direction. *Ione March* is a most provoking story; for, of course, Mr. Crockett, being wilful, will blunder and has blundered in every story he has yet written. Here he errs in seeking—to use modern ecclesiastical slang—to be too "comprehensive." He must needs utilise the latest craze or crotchet of the day. And so he wastes some thirty pages and the time of the readers who appreciate him most over faith healing and the preposterous sect founded by his Mrs. Forsaker Hardy, who has far too much money, and not knowing what to do with it, takes to dabbling in the supernatural and scandal-mongering. And why, oh why, does Mr. Crockett, who has never visited America and who has all broad Europe to cavort in—why does Mr. Crockett draw upon America for his two girls, Ione March and Idalia Judd? The American part of them is only veneer, they are really Scotch with a dash of English, and no amount of slang or christening them with names that might

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have come out of Dickens's note-book will make Americans of them. But the story itself, though provoking in these aspects of it, is full of genuine life and vigour—qualities that are not to be found in many stories published nowadays. It is a questionable compliment, however, that an English reviewer bestows on Mr. Crockett when he asks, "Why should not Mr. Crockett seek to occupy the seat between Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. W. E. Norris that is at present vacant?"

The statement has been given out that the author of *Richard Carvel* is a young man of wealth and leisure, and that he wrote his popular novel in a methodical and laborious fashion, hiring an office and working there steadily during regular hours, just as he would have done had he been a bookkeeper or a clerk. This is just the sort of impression that one receives upon reading this much-belauded book—so far as its claim to be literature is concerned. *Richard Carvel* has popular qualities with which we have nothing to do here. What we wish to note is the absence of spontaneity and original design, the lack of artistic feeling, and on the other hand the noisy evidence of tremendous energy, the great labour that it has involved. It strikes one as what Whistler calls "a completed task of perseverance only," and we are reminded of his apposite saying that a work of art, whether it be in literature or in painting, is finished when all trace of the means used to bring about the end has disappeared.

One of the prominent characters that appear in *Richard Carvel* is Paul Jones. Search has been made in Paris recently for the burial-place of Paul Jones with a view to the erection of a monument there, but so far the search has been in vain. One of the early recollections of Sir Walter Scott was the memory of the scare caused in Edinburgh by Paul Jones's attempt upon Leith—an attempt defeated by a gale which carried his squadron out of the Firth of Forth. He is commemorated in a street ballad of the day, one verse of which runs:

Through a madheaded war which Old England will rue,
At London, at Dublin, and Edinburgh too,
The tradesmen stand still, and the merchant bemoans
The losses he meets with from such as Paul Jones.

Another historical character who plays a part in Mr. Churchill's romance of pre-Revolutionary days is the English statesman George Selwyn. Until now the most valuable piece of writing about Selwyn has been Abraham Hayward's well-known essay which contains some of the best specimens of Selwyn's ready wit. Selwyn, however, was something more than a maker of clever sayings, as indeed Mr. Churchill hints in his drawing of the character, and a forthcoming volume entitled *The Life and Letters of George Selwyn* will help to bring more clearly before us the serious side of his character. The Letters, of course, will be of especial literary interest.

Mr. John Muir unearthed and reproduced recently in the Glasgow *Evening News* an interesting after-dinner speech of Carlyle's on Burns. The occasion was a dinner at Dumfries, in 1831, given in honour of Allan Cunningham. The most interesting portion of Carlyle's speech was that in which he spoke of Burns as follows:

> I may mention a circumstance which is, perhaps, known to few in this room—namely, that within the last two months I have learned from Goethe, the greatest living German poet, that the works of our immortal bard are under translation in Berlin, so that foreign countries will speedily be as happy with them as ourselves. His life was undoubtedly a dark tragedy; penury and cold neglect curbed the flow of his noble soul. It is plain that we possess only a tithe of what was in him, for his genius was universal; he was the first man to strike the seven-stringed lyre to ecstasy, for he was equally the minstrel, the poet and the philosopher. Alas, that such a master-soul should have been crushed! Alas. that we can only reflect, while we are thus celebrating Allan Cunningham's worth, that Burns was never so honoured while in life!

Mr. Carlyle then begged that the memory of Robert Burns should be drunk in solemn silence, as much might be thought that could not be uttered. The toast was drunk standing, and in silence.

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THE BAYADÈRE.

(SEE FRONTISPIECE ILLUSTRATION BY LOUIS LOEB.)

The café in Seville is far away,
  Between are oceans of green and blue,
And stars and darkness and cities and ships,
  Yet swiftly I cross to you!

Careless, I enter the droning place,
  Loll into a seat mid the aimless throng,
And yawn at the sameness of what is ever
  And ever the same old song.

The thrum of the music beats back in the gloom,
  The smoke wreathes round, and voices hum;
And out of the purple and dark and gold,
  Like a rose in the dusk, you come. . . .

O midnight and mystery of eyes and hair,
  In that mist of white how warm you gleam!
Are you the nymph of the flowing bowl?
  Are you a smoker's dream?

Deep in the shadows are voices of you,
  Throb as you sway in the curling mist;
Grace says: "I dwell in her languorous limbs,"
  Love says: "Her eyes I have kist."

Wreathe your white arms where the smoke wreaths curl,
  You that are part of the music and light,
So to the passion of sound in rhyme,
  Flow to the soul of the night.

Languorous loveliness, flame-in-a-dream,
  Dream of a sense lulled dreamier, . . .
Sometime, perhaps, I shall find you real,
  On the other shore of Bohemia.

Regina Armstrong.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE TAMING OF THE JUNGLE."

One of the California authors who may be said to have "arrived" is Dr. Charles W. Doyle, whose recent book of short stories of East Indian life, entitled *The Taming of the Jungle,* has met with much success. It is remarkable that a man should be able to write of India without suggesting Kipling, yet this is what Dr. Doyle has done. He takes up the life of a remote corner of India, and he actually makes one see that life as vividly as though it were before one's eyes. He has been able to accomplish this literary miracle because he spent his early years in India. He was born in 1852, in Landour, a little hill station in the Himalayas, and his father was the last man killed in the great mutiny. He fell while leading a regiment of native cavalry which he had been commissioned to raise by the Indian Government. Of his early life Dr. Doyle has written as follows:

"My early life in India was spent, as I can now see, in 'getting impressions.' The horrors

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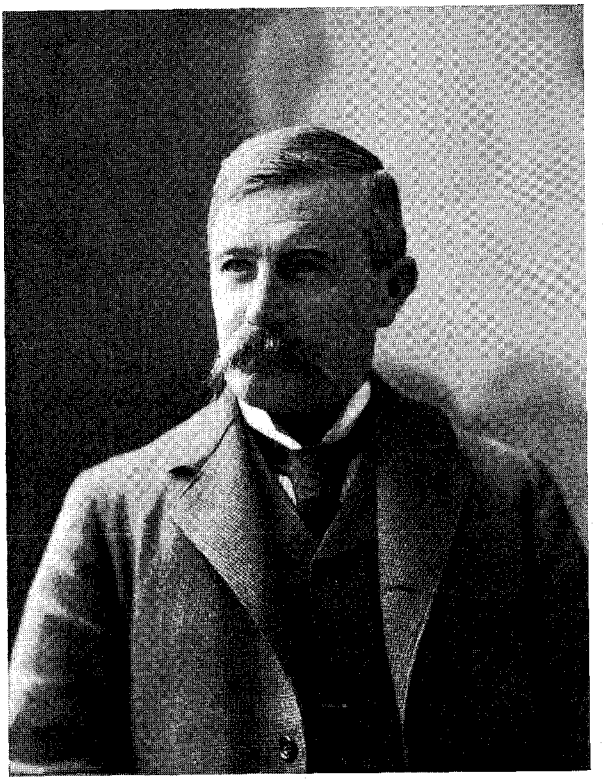

DR. CHARLES W. DOYLE.

of the Sepoy War were so clearly stamped on my mind that I can still hear the booming of the guns at the battle of Shagunj, which was fought in one of the suburbs of Agra, where I was most of that awful time. It seems to me that I was always fond of books; I read everything that I could get hold of at school, having a decided preference for poetry and romance. From the time I was twelve years old I possessed a gun, my constant companion during my holidays, which were all spent in the Terai. When I was eighteen I went to Guy's Hospital, London, where I spent the most terrible year of my life fretting my heart out for my 'jungle mother.' One morning, when my quarterly allowance arrived, I paid my little debts and took passage to India, turning up to breakfast with my mother when she thought I was walking the hospitals in London. For a whole year I resumed my old life, only more so, to get rid of the taste of London. However, my affairs made it necessary that I should resume the study of medicine. I absolutely refused to return to London, where I always felt like a bird in a cage, so I was allowed to go to Scotland, where I read medicine in a desultory way. I surprised myself by graduating second man of my year, with high honours, at Aberdeen."

Dr. Doyle was forced by domestic affairs to abandon his intention of going into the British army medical service. He practised medicine in England for thirteen years. Then his health broke down and he went to California.

He is now a physician at Santa Cruz, a pretty seaside resort ninety miles from San Francisco. He has ready for publication this autumn, from the press of the Messrs. Lippincott, a book of stories of Chinese life in San Francisco to be entitled *The Shadow of Quong Lung*. It deals with the punishment of "civil death" inflicted on a Chinaman, and it is said to present a powerful picture of the results of ostracism, that drove the victim to suicide. Dr. Doyle has made a very careful study of the Chinese in San Francisco, and he has been greatly aided in gaining the confidence of typical Chinese by his knowledge of the methods of thought and feeling of Orientals in India.

George Hamlin Fitch.

A BOOK-LOVER

A heedful lover of books is like a botanist
To whom, alone, all plant-life secrets are made plain;
He knows the generous boon whereby some growths exist,
And by unfailing signs he fears another's bane.

Frank Walcott Hutt.

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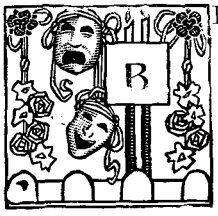
THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH



BEFORE September was two weeks old New York had seen two very remarkable performances. One was wholly cultivated, skilful and balanced, but in spite of its true and even merits it must come distinctly second to the other, which had the rarest and most valuable of qualities, the note of real greatness. Plays and acting which move on a level high enough to deserve this word are not so common as to make it difficult to guess that the event referred to is Mrs. Fiske's production of *Becky Sharp*. To see one of the subtlest and most original creations of English fiction put upon the stage, and then to admit that there was not one side of that character which was not adequately and vividly brought out by the actor, amounts to saying that Mrs. Fiske's representation of Miss Sharp takes its place on the highest planes of the actor's art. Had the play been as powerful as the acting and the stage management, the effect would have been tremendous. As it was, the drama, while strong and fine in the last half, was scattered and undramatic, and consequently rather slow, in the first act and a half. This is a kind of fault, however, which usually corrects itself, and it is possible that by the time these words are in print the first part of the play will have been much tightened. There is not among the great novelists of England one, unless it be Jane Austen, whose method is more essentially opposed to the method of the theatre than Thackeray's, and therefore Langdon Mitchell in attempting to make a play out of *Vanity Fair* chose about as hard a task as could be wished. Dickens, for instance, throws his characters on to the page almost as he would have done had he been a playwright. The same quality exists in Dumas, and anybody who is full of *The Three Musketeers* can go to Daly's Theatre to see the version now running there and realise that if you transfer Dumas's language and incidents almost without rearrangement on to the boards, you get, if not a drama, at least dramatic action. Dickens long ago proved this same quality. Reading one of his novels, *A Tale of Two Cities*, for instance, which is the foundation for *The Only Way*, now being given here, one sees the characters stand forth in broad, simple outlines, easily seen, as it were, from the back of the theatre, and having no complexities that would require more than the two hours' traffic of the stage for their presentation. They also walk in bold, dramatic, even melodramatic strides. They talk in that tone, and feel and act in that tone. But to make a play of Thackeray you must find some device to give, by an entirely different method, what he gives by one of the supplest of literary styles, and one of the most confidential, by a thousand intimate and minor revelations, by insistence, by repetition, by half humorous sermons, by a whole network of fine-spun, sophisticated, intellectual distinctions, that could not possibly be shown behind the footlights or understood before them. Thackeray is a magician, and his magic is inseparable from his style. Through his power of forging immediately any kind of literary weapon he needs, he can bully the reader through hundreds of pages, laughing at him one moment, throwing cold water on him, explaining to him the methods of literary trickery, and in the next paragraph, by a mere change of tone, forcing him to tears. Added to this is an immense variety of characters and of their mutual relations, but there is no skeleton; and a drama without a skeleton is impossible. In the first two acts of *Becky Sharp* the author has made the mistake of giving a

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number of broad, charming, picturesque scenes, which call up all our devotion to the novelist, but which weaken the actual effect in the theatre by a lack of dramatic construction, which means a construction in which one effect is so closely connected with the preceding one that there is a constant accumulation of attention and no dissipation of interest. From the time that the sound of the call to arms begins to be heard among the revellers at Brussels, *Becky Sharp* is a play; before that it consists of fragments from a novel. Much credit falls to Mr. Mitchell from the fact that he has used Thackeray's language rather sparingly, and yet even with that comparison before us we are seldom conscious of any flagging in the brilliancy of the dialogue.

In portraying the character of Becky, Mrs. Fiske uses to the full almost every one of her powers, and very few of her mannerisms. There is no repeating of words, no hesitation and extremely slow talk, none of the attitudes that have at times been too individual and insistent to be effective. The only limit to the effect of her performance is one of physique. Her face and her voice do not carry to the back of a great theatre like the Fifth Avenue, and were not most of the playhouses in the country forbidden her, it would be better for her to perform in small theatres like Daly's and the Lyceum. When this has been said, however, every possible limitation, as far as I can see, has been stated. It is without the least hesitation that I should call such a creation a work of genius. Becky is a tremendous subject. She is so big, so many-sided, so thoroughly created by Thackeray, so typical of large things, that, like all the highest imaginary creations of character, she can have many faces for many readers, just as in real life she had many faces for many men. Mrs. Fiske's Becky was not my Becky. There were places in which she did the direct opposite of the things which I had seen Becky doing in the book; but after three hours in the theatre Mrs. Fiske's Becky is my Becky. I don't mean by that that I believed that my old friend was not a real Becky, but that this new one, coinciding in so many aspects, was, when it diverged from what the book had given me, so consistent, deep and able, that it would have been mere fatuity not to accept it as an equally just and impregnable presentation of the same character.

Mrs. Fiske's genius seems to me to lie mostly in unlimited brains, and no commodity on earth is better suited to the comprehension of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley than brains. Not only is each attribute given with the clearness of absolute understanding and the effectiveness of powerful art, but the impression left at the end is so unified and solid that it is as lasting as marble. In the first act we see her gaily tampering with life. She lies, and when she is caught she has the amused unconcern that grows out of her constant ability to turn the truth, however condemning, off into some harmless channel. Her wit, her matter-of-fact tolerance for stupidity, her contempt for it, her understanding of every motive, her never-sleeping, practical instincts, stand fully before us before it is time for the first curtain. In the second act her ability to fascinate men is shown well in each individual case, but there are too many of them, and we are troubled by the sense of insistence. Immediately after this, however, comes the most remarkable triumph of stage management in my experience. The ball at Brussels is being brilliantly presented on the stage; various groups are amusing themselves in varying ways, and there is a constant easy going and coming. Then we suddenly notice a man standing at the head of the first flight of stairs, with one or two other men standing near him. A soldier enters, on the ground floor, walks up the steps, speaks to the man at the head of the stairs, and departs. Another comes in the same way, and in the same way goes. Then our friend, George Osborne, who has been playing picquet with Becky in a crowd at one of the tables, is quietly tapped upon the shoulder. He, too, approaches the man at the head of the stairs, and suddenly departs. Another officer is detached from the gambling throng, then another, and then another, and no word is said by them, and no jot of gaiety leaves the players. The next soldier who enters is spattered with dirt, and he ascends the stairs with a quicker stride. Suddenly a young man at one end of the stage starts and listens. He has heard something. His comrades laugh him down. The fun rolls on.

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Then another player starts from his group and listens, and cries out, and he, too, is drowned in laughter. But soon the sounds grow louder. We can hear them in the distance. The merry patches of guests begin to move nervously. More and more have heard something, and are wondering whether it could be what they were all beginning to dread. Finally the call to arms comes clear and strong, and is followed by the methodical boom of cannon. The dispersing of the crowd is now rapid, and after a little only Becky is left, ready for her scene with Jos. So vivid and so extremely natural was this slow creeping in of fear, with its early vague suggestions, rising and rising to certainty, that after I had recovered from the intense excitement with which it held me I sought to know the identity of the stage manager; and learned that the stage manager and the leading actors were one. Doubtless to Mrs. Fiske belongs part of the credit for the admirable acting of the rest of the troupe. Only George Osborne was insufficient; although some others, like Amelia and Dobbin, were properly sketchy. There must have been one hand that kept everything in tone, and it is easy to surmise whose hand that was. Nevertheless, some of the individual actors won clearly merited triumph. First among them comes Maurice Barrymore, whom people lately have had a little tendency to speak of without much hope. He had not been on the stage, however, for ten minutes, before everybody knew he was Rawdon, body and soul Rawdon, with all his fine, big animal virtues and animal vices; affectionate, fierce, led by the nose, but capable of turning upon his leader with a rage from which there was no appeal. He rose with every demand, and when he left the stage, after his punishment of Steyne and his loathing of Becky, the hearts of the whole theatre went with him. Tyrone Power got much out of Steyne, although not quite all that was in it. William Owen filled Jos Sedley as nearly as any merely human fat man could be expected to, and so many others did well their separate parts in this large picture that enumeration would be fatigue.

The play will undoubtedly succeed, and it will undoubtedly do much good. The third act must be the most popular, but to the fine critical sense the fourth is its equal. When the story of Carmen is finished the reader turns the page and suddenly comes upon one of Mérimée's drily sarcastic essays on words. If he is a literal and simple-souled person he may be either puzzled or contemptuous. If he has an eye for the finest ironies he will be Mérimée's slave from that day. The last act of *Becky Sharp,* which is made up of the garret scenes, and ends with Mrs. Crawley's marching off to church with Sir Pitt and his wife, has precisely this kind of intellectual felicity.

In announcing, on Sunday, the production of this play, the New York *Herald,* which rejoiced in long riots of enthusiasm over everything else it mentioned, said: "It is the most important part she has created since *Tess*—in fact, the only one of equal importance—and as the play enlists the services of some forty people the representation is entitled to be dignified as one of the most important productions of the season." Surely when the *Herald* is able to admit that through the presence of forty people Mrs. Fiske's presentation of a great character "is entitled to be dignified" we can at least hope that that paper's intelligence is on a level with its English. On the morning after the performance the *Sun* said: "In misbehaviour, too, *Becky* equals *Zaza,* but with the difference that the French creature of impulse arouses the deepest sympathy, while the heartless English schemer is quite devoid of excuse." This, it will be remembered, is the newspaper that never wearies of exploiting the lowest farces or melodramas produced by the Syndicate; but when it or one of its companions becomes so imbecile that even people who do not know the springs of dramatic criticism can laugh, and imagine it condescendingly admitting, for instance, that in some single attribute Hamlet might compare favourably with *The Conquerors,* and, with forty people, be worthy of being dignified, I should like to have the quotations as widely scattered as possible, in order to lessen, as much as may be, the influence of the thoroughly corrupt, malicious and ignorant part of the American press. I do not enjoy taking sides in matters of art, and have no feelings of hostility to the Syndicate; but when a certain number of powerful newspapers do their best

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to ruin one of the highest living actresses, one's sense of fair play is as much outraged as it was by the recent French exhibit at Rennes.

Probably an extremely conscientious standard would force one to discuss the merits and the shortcomings, the theme, the dialogue, the characters and the construction in *Miss Hobbs,* but I shall allow that harmless illustration of Mr. Jerome's weakness to amuse as many virtuous, hardworking and easy-thinking people as it can, without any unpleasant comments from me. A more congenial task lies in urging people to see another English comedy produced by John Drew's company at the Empire Theatre. *The Tyranny of Tears* has not been surpassed in many years, either in England or in this country, for those qualities of impartiality in the perception of character, poise and lightness of hand in touching off interesting human frailties, and pleasure in seeing with amusement, and in a light vein, the traits of human character as they are, which make up what is called high comedy. This is one of the rarest products of the present day. We have melodrama, we have farce, we have even some good low comedy, but the comedy of the intelligence, the smile of the mind, the kind of view of the world which is particularly characteristic of culture, is at present seldom seen among us. This play deals with a theme perfectly simple and perfectly sufficient, and it sets it forth in the humorous style that almost never becomes either hard or coarse, never flat, and only once, as far as I remember, sins on the side of obviousness, when the author thinks it wise to put in a rather long moral speech at the end to let the unbearably good part of his audience go home in a glow. The scenes in which *les petites misères de le vie conjugale* are presented are equalled by those which depict the rather ludicrous incompleteness of bachelorhood, so that by the end of the neatly constructed play the observer is in that state of amused fairness that is the proper expression of the comic spirit. It is the best play that John Drew has had in a long, long time, and although he was a little conscious at times, and a little addicted to the use of his face at others, he did many things, and fine things, in a way in which he alone could do them; with a distinction, sureness, grace, sweetness and authority that fully and honourably explain the high position he holds. Much the best work in the supporting cast was done by Miss Ida Conquest, and this gave me the pleasure it always does to see some young actor doing better than he or she has done before.

Norman Hapgood.

NON OMNIS MORIAR

In the teeth of the gale that hurls me back,
  In the swirl of the ebb that sucks me down,
I—I, tide by tide, and tack by tack,
  Threading the Night where fanged rocks frown,
Ere the last spar fail, shall have somehow crawl'd
  To that Port whence shone no light for me;
Where wrecked, if you will, but unappall'd,
  I shall know I am stronger than my Sea!

Arthur J. Stringer.

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THE FIRST BOOKS OF SOME ENGLISH AUTHORS

II. The Tennysons.

CCORDING to the best of my recollections, when I was about eight years old, I covered two sides of a slate with Thomsonian blank verse in praise of flowers for my brother Charles, who was a year older than I was, Thomson then being the only poet I knew. Before I could read, I was in the habit, on a stormy day, of spreading my arms to the wind, and crying out: 'I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind,' and the words 'far, far away' had always a strange charm for me."

This is Alfred Tennyson's own story of his earliest attempt at verse writing, as written out by him in 1890 for his son, who has printed it in his *Memoir* of his father. Mrs. Ritchie gives a slightly different version of the story. Hers is so delightfully told that we reprint it here also:

The Laureate's first verses, so I once heard him say, were written upon a slate which his brother Charles put into his hand one Sunday at Louth, when all the elders of the party were going into church, and the child was left alone. Charles gave him a subject—the flowers in the garden—and when he came back from church little Alfred brought the slate to his brother all covered with lines of blank verse. They were made on the model of Thomson's *Seasons,* the only poetry he had ever read. One can picture it all to one's self—the flowers in the garden, the verses, the little poet with waiting eyes and the young brother scanning the lines. "Yes, you can write," said Charles, and he gave Alfred back the slate.

Continuing to quote from Tennyson's own words, the *Memoir* goes on to say:

About ten or eleven, Pope's Homer's *Iliad* became a favourite of mine, and I wrote hundreds and hundreds of lines in the regular Popeian metre, nay, even could improvise them, so could my two elder brothers, for my father was a poet and could write regular metre very skilfully.

At about twelve and onward I wrote an epic of six thousand lines *à la* Walter Scott—full of battles, dealing, too, with sea and mountain scenery—with Scott's regularity of octosyllables and his occasional varieties. Though the performance was very likely worth nothing, I never felt myself more truly inspired. I wrote as much as seventy lines at one time, and used to go shouting them about the fields in the dark. All these early efforts have been destroyed, only my brother-in-law, Edmund Lushington, begged for a page or two of the Scott poem. Somewhat later (at fourteen) I wrote a drama in blank verse, which I have still, and other things. It seems to me, I wrote them all in perfect metre.

Two selections from juvenile dramatic pieces and some lines written after reading *The Bride of Lammermoor,* perhaps the "page or two of the Scott poem," referred to above, are for the first time printed in the *Memoir.* Another interesting anecdote of the youthful poet is related by his son. After the boy Alfred had written, at his grandfather's request, a poem on his grandmother's death, the old gentleman gave him half a guinea with the words: "Here is half a guinea for you, the first you have ever earned by poetry, and take my word for it, the last."

After Thomson, Pope and Scott, the writings of Byron came to the young poet. Though only fifteen years old when Byron died, he was deeply affected. In speaking of the event in after years he said: "I thought the world was at an end. I thought everything was over and finished for every one—that nothing else mattered. I remember that I walked out alone, and carved 'Byron is dead' into the sandstone."

Alfred Tennyson and his two elder brothers, Frederick and Charles, collaborated to produce their first book. Although three brothers were really associated in its authorship, Frederick, the elder's, part was so small, he being the author of only three or four poems, that he would not allow his name to be used as one of the authors. Hence it appeared with the title *Poems by Two Brothers.*

Though it may seem sacrilegious to say it, their idea in publishing a book seems to have been rather to secure a lit-

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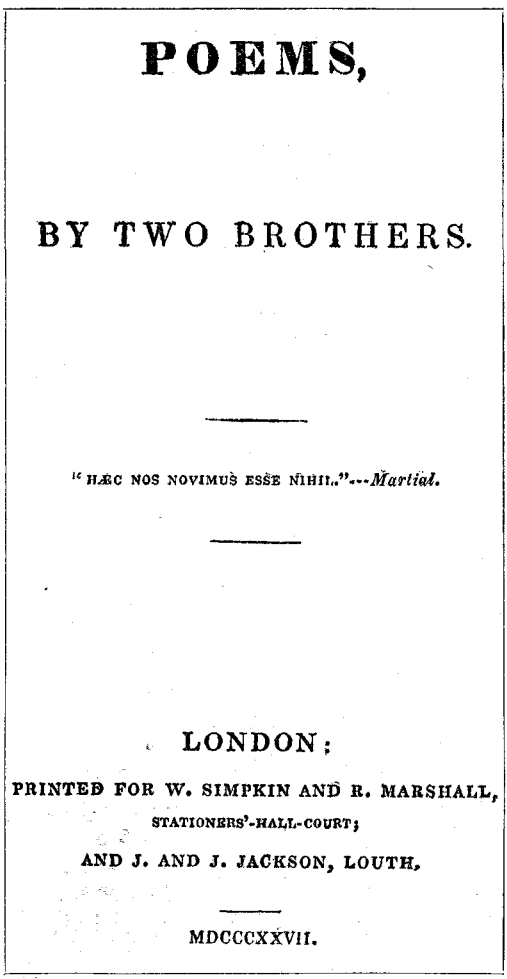
tle money, which, by the way, they spent in little journeys round their own county, rather than that undying fame for which young poets are supposed to long so keenly. At the time, Alfred was about seventeen and Charles a year older. Alfred himself has said that "none of the authors had been beyond their native



POEMS,

BY TWO BROTHERS.

"HÆC NOS NOVIMUS ESSE NIHIL."—*Martial.*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. SIMPKIN AND R. MARSHALL,

STATIONERS'-HALL-COURT;

AND J. AND J. JACKSON, LOUTH.

MDCCCXXVII.

FAC-SIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE OF TENNYSON'S FIRST BOOK.

county, and hardly beyond their native town." They seem to have copied out the best of their poems into a sheep-bound blank-book, which they carried to the local booksellers, Messrs. J. and J. Jackson, of Louth, who published the book, paying them twenty pounds for the copyright. In the *Memoir* it is stated that more than half of this sum had to be taken in books out of Jackson's shop; but in James Knowles's notes, which he says were made from Tennyson's dictation, we find: "The bookseller gave fifteen pounds in money and five pounds' worth of books."

The volume, which appeared early in 1827, was issued in two sizes—an ordinary edition in twelvemo and a large paper edition in octavo. Both were bound in grey boards with paper labels. Mr. W. M. Dixon in his *Tennyson Primer* states that the book was really published in 1826 and post-dated, but he gives no reasons for this statement. As the introductory preface is dated "March, 1827," both in the manuscript and printed book, it does not seem possible that it was published three or four months earlier. And as Mr. Dixon's bibliography is filled with errors, typographical and otherwise, we do not believe his statement.

The little volume of 240 pages contains the following preface:

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following poems were written from the ages of fifteen to eighteen, not conjointly, but individually, which may account for their difference of style and matter. To light upon any novel combination of images, or to open any vein of sparkling thought untouched before, were no easy task; indeed, the remark itself is as old as the truth is clear; and, no doubt, if submitted to the microscopic eye of periodical Criticism, a long list of inaccuracies and imitations would result from the investigation. But so it is: we have passed the Rubicon, and we leave the rest to fate; though its edict may create a fruitless regret that we ever emerged from "the shade," and courted notoriety.

Alfred Tennyson told his friend Knowles that "the three brothers bound themselves to each other never to reveal who wrote this or that." Since the death of both Alfred and Charles, the present Lord Tennyson has endeavoured to fix the authorship of the several pieces, aided by the memory of his uncle Frederick. In the reprint made in 1893 he affixed the initials of the supposed authors to the various poems. Of the one hundred and three pieces which make up the volume forty-two are ascribed to Alfred, forty-eight to Charles and three to Frederick, with reasonable certainty. Four are doubtfully ascribed to Alfred and one doubtfully to Charles, while an-

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other was begun by Charles and finished by Alfred. The remaining four he states to have been written by either Alfred or Charles, but expresses no opinion.

It is evident that there must be a misprint in the initials affixed to one poem, for in his Preface Lord Tennyson quotes from a letter of his uncle Frederick:

"I return you the poems, with which I have been greatly interested, as I did not expect to find them so good as they really are. The initials are right as appended to my four poems, but I cannot be sure of the others."

And in the *Memoir,* speaking of the reprint, he says:

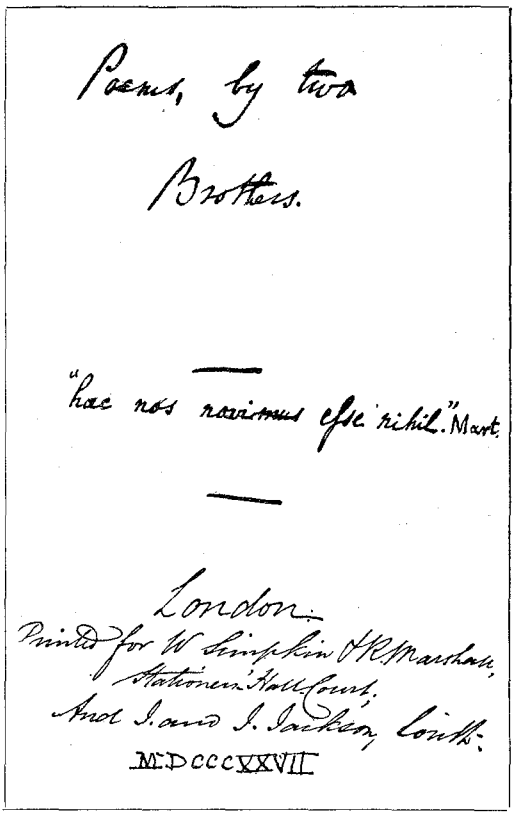
The initials which I gave received the sanction and authority of my uncle Frederick, as far as his memory served him. He himself was the author of four of the poems that had generally been attributed to Charles.

A careful going over of the volume, however, shows that *three* only of the poems have Frederick Tennyson's initials affixed to them.

About 1865, Mr. B. M. Pickering, the London bookseller, wished to acquire the Jacksons' copyright privileges in order to bring out a new edition, the profits from which he is said to have estimated at £12,000. We quote the following in reference to this business from Richard Herne Shepherd, who afterward himself made unauthorised reprints of *The Lover's Tale, The Window,* and other Tennysoniana:

The negotiations for the purchase of the copyright fell through, owing to the influence of the poet's family in the county, to the prestige of his own great fame, and to the fact that the transfer of copyright had taken place in his minority, when he was entirely unknown and still a schoolboy and, in the eyes of the law, an infant. Whether any pecuniary compensation or indemnification was made to the Jacksons by the poet or his friends is uncertain. But Mr. Pickering held the original bargain to be morally, if not legally, valid, unless cancelled by subsequent redemption on the part of the authors by mutual consent with the original publishers.

The original manuscript of *Poems by Two Brothers* was discovered a few years ago in the possession of the successors of Jackson, of Louth. It was put up for sale at Sotheby's in 1892, and brought £480, being purchased by Messrs. Macmillan and Bowes, booksellers, of Cambridge. They expected that they would be able to dispose of it to the College authorities, but not coming to an agreement as to price, they offered it for sale elsewhere. It was promptly bought by


Poems, by two
Brothers.

"hæc nos ravimus esse nihil." Mart.

London.
Printed for W. Simpkin & R. Marshall,
Stationers' Hall Court.
And J. and J. Jackson, Louth.
M.DCCC.XXVII

FAC-SIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF "POEMS BY TWO BROTHERS."

the London agent of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, and came to this country, where it was offered for sale in their catalogue of April, 1893, for $3500. When sold at auction, the manuscript had been accompanied by the publishers' reserve copy of the book in the original binding, and by the receipt for the copyright, signed by Charles and Alfred Tennyson. These had been taken out before the manuscript came to America. When the College authorities at Cambridge found that the manuscript had actually been sold abroad they bestirred themselves, and after some negotiations Messrs. Macmillan and Bowes repur-

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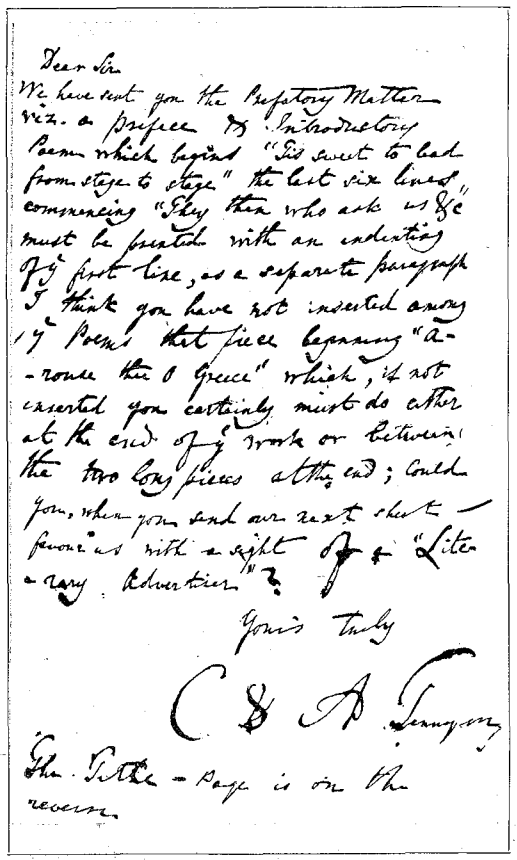
chased it at an advance, and it is now, we understand, in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, Tennyson's old college.

The volume was originally bound in brown sheepskin, but had been taken



Dear Sir
We have sent you the Preparatory Matter viz. a Preface & Introductory Poem which begins "'Tis sweet to lead from stage to stage" the last six lines, commencing "They then who ask us &c must be printed with an indenting of first line, as a separate paragraph I think you have not inserted among y^r Poems that piece beginning "A- rouse thee O Greece" which, if not inserted you certainly must do either at the end of y^r work or between the two long pieces at the end; Could you, when you send our next sheet — favour us with a sight of a "Literary Advertiser"?

Yours truly

C & A Tennyson

The Title-Page is on the reverse

FAC-SIMILE OF A LETTER BY CHARLES AND ALFRED TENNYSON TO THEIR PUBLISHERS IN RELATION TO "POEMS BY TWO BROTHERS."

apart to print from. With it were several letters from the Tennysons to their publishers relating to the make-up of the book and three unpublished poems which, for some reason, were not printed with the rest. These poems were printed for the first time in the edition of 1893. We reproduce here the title-page of the original manuscript and a letter in reference to the book, which is written on the back of it. In connection with this letter we may note that the poem *Exhortation to the Greeks,* beginning—

Arouse thee, O Greece! and remember the day,
When the millions of Xerxes were quelled on their way.

was inserted "between the two long pieces" ("The Oak of the North" and "King Charles's Vision") "at the end."

The publishers for some reason wished to affix the authors' initials, "C. and A. T.," to the Preface. Two of the letters which accompanied the manuscript were in relation to this matter. One said: "The C. and A. T. did not form part of our agreement. You, of course, added it inadvertently." The other, apparently the later of the two, for both are undated, is as follows: "The signature of C. and A. T. at ye conclusion of ye preface was not in ye contract—we have therefore crossed it—nor do we think it would affect ye sale of ye book, since you are at liberty to say who are ye authors, and C. A. T. in London would not be taken any more notice of than no signature at all."

The only contemporary criticism in any periodical which we have found noted is one in the number of the *Literary Chronicle* for May, 1827: "This little volume exhibits a pleasing union of kindred tastes, and contains several little pieces of considerable merit."

The first edition of *Poems by Two Brothers* is not a rare book in the sense that Browning's *Pauline* is, though copies in good condition are becoming increasingly scarce year by year. A very fine small-paper copy in the original boards brought £30 at the Egerton Clarke sale in March last, and Mr. Maxwell's large-paper copy, also in the original boards, brought $135 in Boston in 1895. A large-paper copy in fine condition might be expected to bring considerably more if offered at auction now.

Alfred Tennyson's second appearance in print was in 1829, when his poem "Timbuctoo," which secured the Chancellor's gold medal at the Cambridge Commencement that year, was printed in *Prolusiones Academicae.* It seems that the young man was not doing as much at the University as his father considered he should be doing. Knowing his ability as a poet, his father wished him to try for the medal. Instead of writing a new poem, however, the sharp lad re-vamped one of his old youthful

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productions, written two years before, *The Battle of Armageddon, giving* it a new beginning and a new end and sent it in in competition for the theme of "Timbuctoo." It was never included in any authorised edition of the poet's collected works during his lifetime, though it was reprinted several times in collections of prize poems. In response to one of these requests for permission to reprint, the author wrote, probably about 1831:

As you intend to reprint the Cambridge Prize Poems it would seem odd to leave mine out, tho' for my own part I had much rather you had not thought of it. Prize Poems (without any exception, even in favour of Mr. Milman's "Belvedere") are not, properly speaking, "Poems" at all, and ought to be forgotten as soon as recited. I could have wished that poor "Timbuctoo" might have been suffered to slide quietly off, with all its errors, into forgetfulness.

In 1830, *Poems Chiefly Lyrical,* by Alfred Tennyson, was published, being the first book of which he was the sole author, and in the same year was issued a little volume with the title *Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces,* by Charles Tennyson, being his first independent publication.

Luther S. Livingston.

A THOUGHT FOR O-SHIROI-FUJI-SAN

Hush your frolicsome laughter and listen, O flower-eyed,
To the faint, mysterious murmur of the under-running tide.
It is chanting the Song of Nightfall, a melody strangely sweet,
And the winds on the strings of the samisen its monotones repeat.

The sea is a mirror of copper and the sky is a sea of flame,
And the pink on the sail of the shallop and the rose on your lips is the same
That over your satin cheeks and your gay little gown has spread,
And has lacquered your burnished hair with the lustre of metal-red.

For the God in the Sun is dying. His great and passionate heart
Deep in the west has burned the barrier clouds apart,
And he sinks through the yielding cirrus to his sleep in the water kissed
By gilded grey and the glory of lucent amethyst.

Suppose, little White-Wistaria, that you and your lover were dead,
And away from the World of Men to the World of Gods had sped—
Would you stay your opening wings and forget your maiden flight
For the pleasure of floating forever in this ruddy, alluring light?

On the breast of the River of Heaven in a boat built of Wishes and Hopes,
Woven of Joy the sails of her and of Memories the ropes,
Into this flood of beauty, of colour, of warmth, of peace,
Your spirit and mine a-sailing on a voyage that should never cease.

You and I in the boat, and the roguish moon in the South
Sending to lift our keel a breath from her smiling mouth;
You and I with above us Love's oriflamme unfurled
Pursuing the flying sunset around and around the world!

Ethel Morse.

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NEW YORK IN FICTION

Described and Pictured by Arthur Bartlett Maurice

Part II.—About Washington Square

V.

THE HISTORICAL NOVEL OF THE FUTURE.

EARS ago, in the days when—old New Yorkers tell us—the skies seemed to smile more brightly than they do now, when Lower Broadway was still a fashionable promenade, when the native Greenwich villager clung proudly and somewhat arrogantly to his birthright, and frivolous-minded young bucks gathered nightly in the Apollo rooms on Broadway near Canal Street—over in Paris fat *epiciers* and their fat wives were blubbering nightly over a melodrama then popular at the playhouses of Belleville and the outer boulevards under the name of *The Streets of Paris*. It was a play combining all the conventional elements of sensation—battle, murder and sudden death, arson and charcoal fumes, and of course the ultimate triumph of virtue. Just before the fall of the curtain it was customary for the principal mummer to step forward to the edge of the footlights and in a few words point out that it was the theatre's mission to portray make-believe woes and passion—for the real tragedy of the streets of Paris, the audience must look outside, in the narrow alleys of Montmartre or about the *abbatoirs* of La Villette. After yielding substantial revenues to French managers the play in the course of years crossed the Channel. It made its bow to the audiences of the Adelphi Theatre and straightway became *The Streets of London*. Again a few years passed and it was being played in a New York theatre, far uptown on the East Side—the old Mount Morris, we think, joy of the benighted Harlemite of fifteen or twenty years ago—as *The Streets of New York*. It was always and ever the same old play, only Martyrs' Hill (Montmartre) became in turn Saffron Hill and Cherry Hill. It is many years now since *The Streets of New York* thrilled Manhattan audiences, but—well the moral is quite obvious.

Our age and manner of life are, in a certain way, dull and disappointing. They lack the element of intrigue. We look about us from day to day, from month to month; we see all the factors of history—battles by land and sea, treaties made and treaties violated, riots, massacres, annexations, usurpations and the rest; we take a certain hardheaded pride in the practical activity of our time, but we feel that all is apparent, painfully apparent, traceable to well-known and established laws and causes. The romance, the colour, the mystery, are not for us, but for the readers of the historical novel that is to be written two or three hundred years hence. It is not very difficult to imagine what these novels will be like. One can very readily think of the reader laying the delightful volume aside to curse the monotony and limitations of his own prosaic time, and to muse wistfully on those closing years of the nineteenth century when a man of spirit could carve out for himself fine adventures, and by his courage, dash, dexterity and genius for intrigue do something toward moulding the history of the age in which he lived. There is not the slightest doubt that people who lived in Cœur de Lion's time or Quentin Durward's time or D'Artagnan's time considered their environments on the whole rather monotonous and lacking in romance. The novels of the twenty-second century that deal with the age in which we are living will teem with cunningly laid snares, dark intrigues, sanguinary encounters. Swashbuckling heroes will stalk Broadway or the Bowery or Fifth Avenue by night, in search of strange adventures, and, of course, find them. Then history will stand forth raw, bare, naked yet picturesque—shorn of all its polite phrases and diplomatic attitudes. To give an instance: we in our blindness ridiculously

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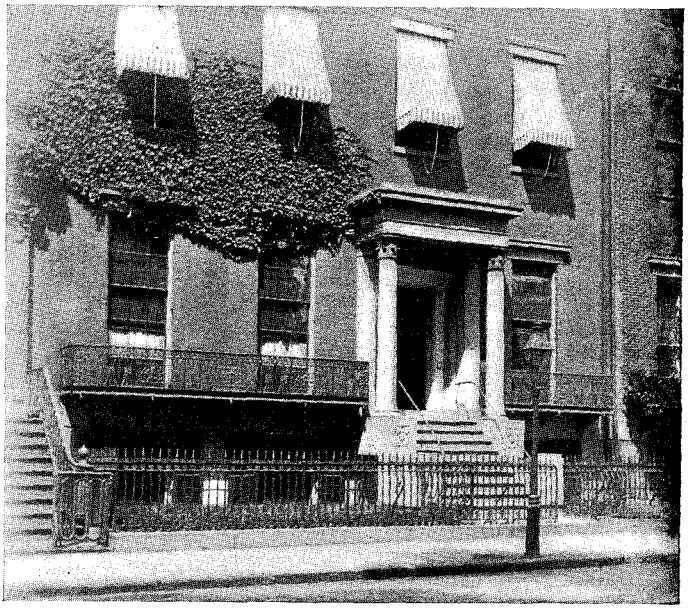

THE SLOPER RESIDENCE—HENRY JAMES'S "WASHINGTON SQUARE."

believed the amicable settlement of the Fashoda incident, let us say, due to the good sense and skill of Lord Salisbury and M. Dupuy (Ha! Ha!), just as the benighted Britons of 1660 or thereabouts believed the return of Charles the Second very commonplace and matter-of-fact. *They* knew nothing of the night on the Newcastle marshes, and the French fishermen driven to the shore by storms, and the enterprise launched in the Rue des Lombards by Planchet et Cie. Nor do we see the real figure, the real hero, who, as the historical novel of the future will tell, at the time when the crisis was most acute, crossed to Paris on a Cook's ticket, shut the French Premier up in a folding bed, shipped bed, mattress, Minister and all to a Manchester furnishing house and—but this, of course, will be the version of the English romance; the French story will be quite different. It will be a French *guet à pens* and the victim will in this case be "Le Lord Maire Comte de Sale Berri." Why should the romancer, wishing to tell of brave deeds, of sword strokes and pistol play, and to find for them a setting in our own age, be forced to invent imaginary kingdoms, principalities and republics? Believing as we do in our Ivanhoes and Durwards and D'Artagnans, we can ill afford to discredit the historical romance of the future. We feel the existence of these heroes; let them stand forth that we may do them honour.

VI.

WASHINGTON SQUARE.

Henry James, in his novel, *Washington Square,* speaks of the locality having "a kind of established repose which is not of frequent occurrence in other quarters of the long, shrill city; it has a richer, riper look than any of the upper ramifications of the great longitudinal thoroughfare—the look of having had something of a social history." Probably in the last words we have the key to the hold which the Square has had on almost every novelist who has written of New York life. An imaginary circle, with its centre in the white Memorial Arch and a radius of five or six hundred yards, would hold fully one-half of what is best in the local colour of New York fiction. In the two short blocks from Macdougal Street to Washington Square East, along the north side of the quadrangle, are many of the structures that have served in the fiction of Brander Matthews, Henry James, F. Hopkinson Smith, Edward W. Townsend and Julian Ralph. On the south side lived Captain Peters and Philip Morrow. Only a few blocks away are the Casa Napoleon of Janvier, the structure in which Colonel Carter lived; the Garibaldi of James L. Ford; the office of *Every Other Week* exploited in *A Hazard of New Fortunes;* the house where Van Bibber found his burglar; the home of the Lauderdales—the list is a very long one. And it is curious to note that novelists, who elsewhere are at best superficial, here become sincere and convincing. Dr. Sloper's house, described in Henry James's *Washington Square,* is on the north side of the Square, between Fifth Avenue and

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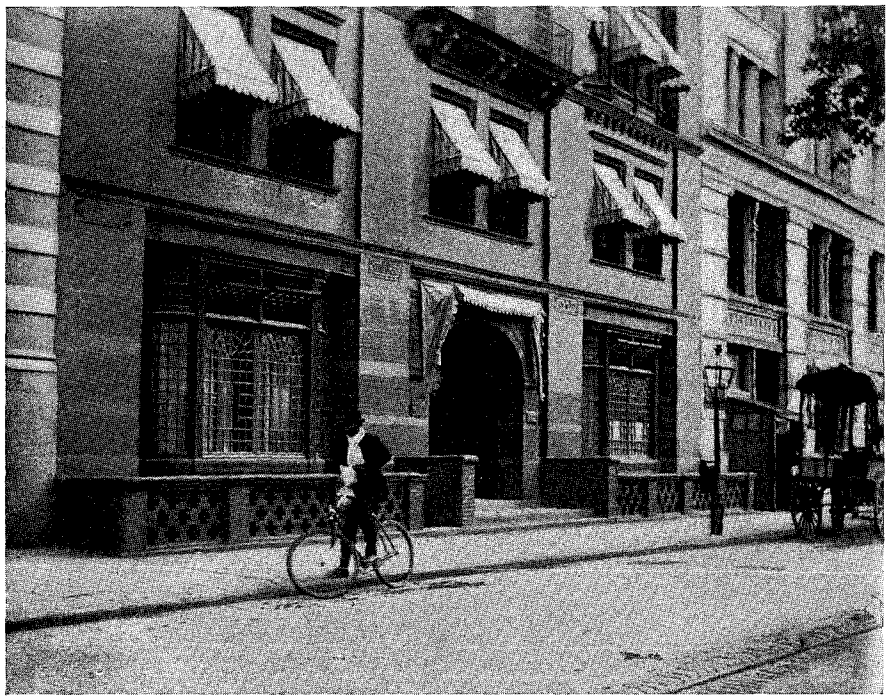

THE MONASTERY—WASHINGTON SQUARE—ROBERT CHAMBERS'S "OUTSIDERS" AND "THE KING IN YELLOW."

Macdougal Street. In 1835, when Dr. Sloper first took possession, moving uptown from the neighbourhood of the City Hall, which had seen its best days socially, the Square, then the ideal of quiet and genteel retirement, was enclosed by a wooden paling. The structure, in which the Slopers lived, and its neighbours were then supposed to embody the last results of architectural science. It was then and is to-day a modern house, wide-fronted with a balcony before the drawing-room windows, and a flight of white marble steps ascending to a portal also faced with white marble. In the twenties Mrs. Sloper was "one of the pretty girls of the small but promising capital which clustered about the Battery and overlooked the Bay, and of which the uppermost boundary was indicated by the grassy waysides of Canal Street." A few doors away was the home of Mrs. Martin, known as "the Duchess of Washington Square," which Brander Matthews assured us, in *The Last Meeting*, "has now regained the fashion it had lost for a score of years." George William Curtis babbled charmingly of the old square in *Prue and I*.

Mr. Howells, in *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, writes of the "old-fashioned American respectability which keeps the north side of the Square in vast mansions of red brick, and the international shabbiness which has invaded the southern border and broken it up into lodging houses, shops, beer gardens and studios." Basil and Isabel March came here when worn out by futile flat-hunting and "strolled over the asphalt walks under the thinning shadows of the autumn-stricken sycamores." In one of the brick houses with white trimmings on Waverley Place, to the east of the Arch, lived Miss Grandish (in Julian Ralph's *People We Pass*). Petey Burke, from the sidewalk opposite, watched the comings and goings of Jenson, the husband of Agnes Whitfield, the angel of the Big Barracks tenement on Forsythe Street. The striking social contrast presented by the north and south sides of the Square was admirably caught by Mr. Townsend in "Just Across the Square." F. Hopkinson Smith brings in the Square in

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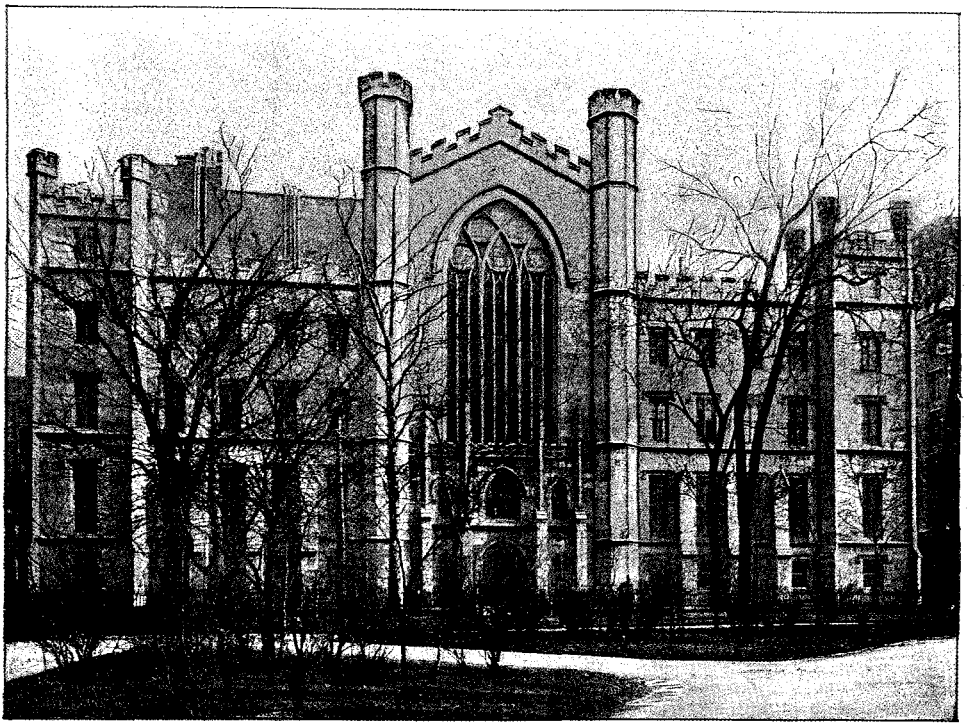

CHRYSALIS COLLEGE—THEODORE WINTHROP'S "CECIL DREEME."

Caleb West, Sanford living in a five-room apartment at the top of a house with dormer windows on the north side. His guests looking out could see the "night life of the Park, miniature figures strolling about under the trees, flashing in brilliant light or swallowed up in dense shadow as they passed in the glare of the many lamps scattered among the budding foliage." Another of these houses was tenanted by Mrs. Delaney, of Edgar Fawcett's *Rutherford;* and the Square was the scene of Mrs. Burton Harrison's *Sweet Bells Out of Tune.* Near the southeast corner of the Square is the Benedick, a red-brick bachelor apartment building, used under the name of the Monastery by Robert W. Chambers in *Outsiders,* his recently published story of New York life.

Under its own name the Benedick plays a conspicuous part in the same writer's really fine and tragic story, "The Repairer of Reputations" and in "The Yellow Sign" of *The King in Yellow.*

An intimate friend of the late author-editor told the present writer that *The Midge* "was written by Bunner to get married on." The book was dashed off in the house on Seventeenth Street, in which he was then living. It was one of the rare occasions on which Bunner was ever seen to work. This characteristic was always a mystery to his friends and business associates. He was seldom seen at his writing table, and yet the end of the year showed an extraordinary amount of work to his credit. The secret lay in the ease and speed with which he wrote. There has probably never been a novel written that is so drenched with the spirit of Washington Square as *The Midge.* Bunner lived there in his younger Bohemian days, and throughout his life he seemed always to think of it with a great love and sympathy. To other writers the Square was something to be studied in its architectural aspects or as a problem in social contrasts. Bunner liked it best at night, with the great dim branches swaying and breaking in the breeze, the gas lamps flickering and blinking, when the tumults and the shoutings of the day were gone and "only a tramp or something worse in woman's shape was hurrying across the bleak

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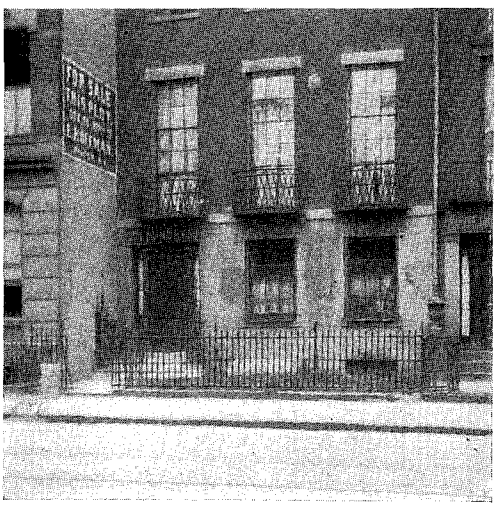
space, along the winding asphalt, walking over the Potter's Field of the past on the way to the Potter's Field to be." Captain Peters, or Dr. Peters, as he preferred to be called, lived on the top floor of No. 50, a three-story brick structure on the "dark south side," between Thompson and Sullivan Streets. The house, adjoining the Judson Memorial, stands back from the street, and is even darker and gloomier than those about it. A low iron railing, once green, separates the sidewalk from the poor little plot of sod and stunted grass. The door, a single step above the ground, is flanked by thin grooved columns. From the second-story windows jut out little balconies. It was through the dormer windows jutting from the roof that Peters looked out upon the Square. In the story allusion is made to two vacant lots in the rear, stretching through to West Third Street. "These yards in summer were green and bright, and in the centre of one there was a tree." Years ago buildings were erected on this site, but even to-day, or at least until very recently, taking one's stand on the east sidewalk of Thompson Street and looking over the wooden fence in the rear of the Memorial Building, the top branches of this tree may be seen. On one of the benches of the Square Father Dube confessed to Dr. Peters the unhappiness of his mistaken avocation, and advised the latter to brighten his life by marrying the Midge.



CAPTAIN PETERS'S HOME—WASHINGTON SQUARE —BUNNER'S "THE MIDGE."

At the University Place corner of the Square Dr. Peters and Paul Hathaway, to whom the Midge was ultimately married, had their first meeting. A few years ago, when the University of New York buildings were torn down, there disappeared the last traces of Chrysalis College, used by Theodore Winthrop in *Cecil Dreeme*. The same time marked the passing of the little church in which Katharine Lauderdale and John Ralston were married.

VII.

THE GARIBALDI — BRASSERIE PIGAULT— THE CASA NAPOLEON.

As one goes down Macdougal Street from the southwest corner of Washington Square, where the French quarter of former days merged into the Greenwich Village of former days, the second house on the left-hand side, No. 146, is a three-story trellised-stoop structure that is rapidly going the way of most of the houses of this vicinity. Behind a long, narrow table, covered with dirty white oilcloth, that stands close to the basement windows, directly under the balcony, an ancient and toothless Italian vends soft drinks. The house is tenanted by three or four Italian families. People acquainted with this part of New York will remember that a very few years ago this building was occupied by a rather pretentious Franco-Italian hotel. A number of years before it was frequented by Bunner, James L. Ford, Brander Matthews and other newspaper men and artists, and as such it was used by Mr. Ford in his humorous sketch "Bohemia Invaded" under the name of the Garibaldi. The Garibaldi was a basement restaurant, and the yard in the rear beyond the window, guarded by thick iron bars, was littered with old casks. Here Tommy Steele and Charlie Play and Kitty Bainbridge of the Merry Idlers and all the gay Bohemians held high carnival until young Etchley, the artistic person, made his appearance and precipitated the onslaught of the Philistines. The grated window in the rear, through which Charlie Play passed in his caustic comments on the restaurants' commercial *habitués*, is still to be seen. What was then the dining-room has since been partitioned into a number of little living rooms.

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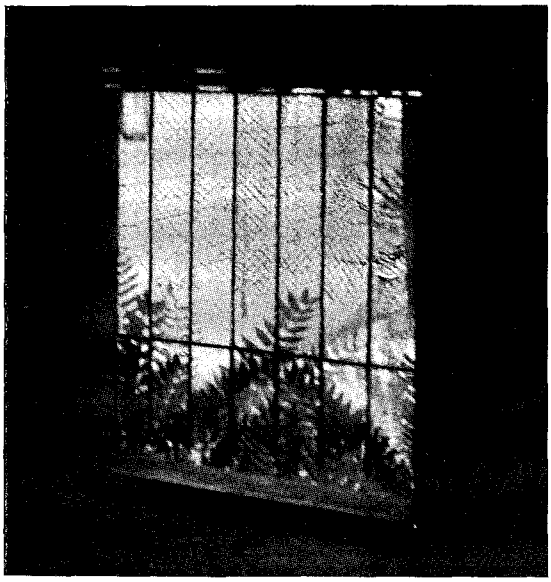
A LA VILLE DE ROUEN
J. PICAULT
LAGER BEER
FINE WINES, BRANDIES
AND LIQUEURS.

With the above strange and pleasant conceit, Mr. Bunner introduced the readers of *The Midge* to the Brasserie Pigault, that quaint and mysterious haunt of Dr. Peters and Father Dube, and Parker Prout, the old artist, who had failed in his career because of too much talent, and M. Martin and old Potain, who lost his mind after his wife's death, and Ovid Marie, the curly-haired music-teacher from Amity Street. It was as printed above that the patrons of the old wine shop saw and liked best its sign. Thoughts of that sign and of the warmth and comfort and cleanliness within, and of Madame Pigault, neat and comely, knitting—now knitting t'other side of Styx—and of the sawdust-covered floor and of the little noises of a gentle sort inspired Mr. Bunner to that fine anti-prohibition sermon in which he showed with truth and keen humour the "estimable gentlemen who go about this broad land denouncing the Demon Drink," that there were wine shops not wholly iniquitous and that bred not crime, but gentleness and good cheer. But not only is there no trace of the Brasserie Pigault; it is doubtful if it ever had any tangible existence. Brasserie Pigault, Mr. Ford, who knew Bunner in the early days, says, was any one of the quaint little French wine shops of which there were so many in the quarter to the south of Washington Square in the later seventies and early eighties.

No. 159 Greene Street, the site of the old French bakery mentioned in *The Midge*, is to-day occupied by a tall office building. On Houston Street, near what was then South Fifth Avenue, was the shop of Goubaud, the dealer in feathers, where died Lodviska Leezvinski, the mother of the Midge. Charlemagne's, where Peter and the Midge went often to dine, was probably the Restaurant du Grand Vatel on Bleecker Street. The Grand Vatel has also passed into history, its site being now occupied by an Italian restaurant and lodging house. Pfaff's cellar, the resort of the literary wits during the sixties and early seventies, was on the corner of Bleecker Street and Broadway. Mr. Howells has written entertainingly of Pfaff's in his literary reminiscences.

"De Duchess," Chimmie Fadden, his friend "de barkeep," and the latter's "loidy fren," during one of their outings in the city strolled down South Fifth Avenue and lunched together at the restaurant of the White Pup. The identity of the White Pup is obvious enough. It has served several times as a background for fiction, and was only very recently used by Miss Ellen Glasgow for one of the New York scenes of *The Descendant*. Recrossing Washington Square and moving up Fifth Avenue we find at 19 and 21 West Ninth Street the little Franco-Spanish South-American Hotel, which was the original of the Casa Napoleon, the modest and inviting hostelry



THE GARIBALDI'S BARRED WINDOW—JAMES L. FORD'S "BOHEMIA INVADED."

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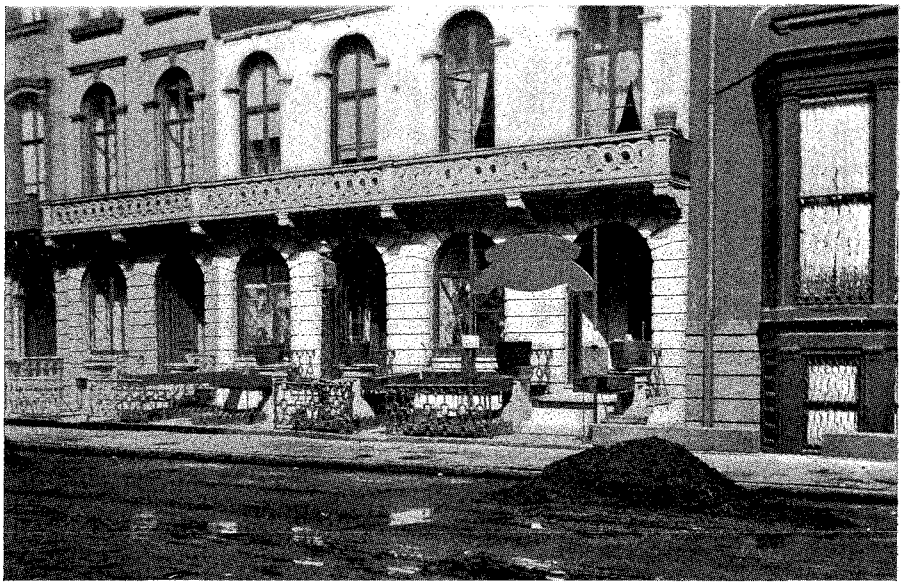

THE CASA NAPOLEON—JANVIER AND HOWELLS.

where lived so many of Mr. Thomas Janvier's men and women—Mrs. Myrtle Vane, who did the New York society news for Western papers; Mr. Dunbar and Miss Bream, Mr. Witherby and Mrs. Mortimer, the web-spinning capitalist in a small way—the home of the genial Duvant and the refuge of the family Efferati. "Janvier knows his New York," once said John Breslin—high praise, for few have known the city as did the old fire chief. His comments on the New York of some of the other writers were more forceful and less polite.

The Casa Napoleon has another literary interest. This was the little restaurant to which Mr. Howells sent Ray (in *The World of Chance*) during the young writer's first weeks in New York. Mr. Janvier, who at such times as he is in New York is a frequent visitor at the Casa Napoleon, dwelt at length on the establishment's "attractive look," and the balcony that ran along the line of the second-story windows, in which flowers were growing in great green wooden tubs. The Louis Napoleon of Mr. Janvier's stories is Louis Napoleon Griffou. The Dunbars, Breams, Witherbys and the rest have taken their departure, but in their place there has sprung up another coterie of newspaper men, flippantly and facetiously known as "the Griffou push."

In the odd little white frame building that in bygone years was No. 58 1-2 West Tenth Street, Frederick Olyphant, who figures in Brander Matthews's *The Last Meeting,* had his studio. The house was reached from West Tenth Street by passing through a dim alley, "worn by the feet of three generations of artists." This structure, which holds a very important place in the New York of fiction, will be described at length later in the present article. The artist life about Tenth Street was also the theme of the Van Dyke Brown stories. On Eleventh Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, is the building in which Fulkerson, Conrad Dryfoos and Basil March conducted *Every Other Week.* It was on Union Square, in front of Brentano's, that Margaret Vance and Conrad Dryfoos met for the last time before the latter was killed in the great strike.

VIII.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS—VAN BIBBER'S HAUNTS — GREENWICH VILLAGE — SCENES OF EDGAR FAWCETT'S NOVELS.

Richard Harding Davis strikes his highest, best and most human note when telling of men and women lonely and homesick in other lands. The nostalgia has been strong upon him. It has been

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IN THE CASA NAPOLEON—JANVIER AND HOWELLS.

treasured in his memory, and at times the balm of spring air, some subtle odour of perfume or flower, a picture, a line in a book or a letter, brings over him with remarkable vividness the same sensations of strange, overwhelming loneliness that he has felt some time in the years gone by when he was knocking about somewhere a few thousand miles away from the lights of Broadway and the tall tower of the Madison Square Garden. This note dominates all his work in which he finds his background in other lands. He has used it very effectively a number of times, and yet it does not seem to grow stale. It is a nostalgia that comes upon strong men, never maudlin, never weakly sentimental, but a great yearning homesickness, that expresses itself feelingly, simply, colloquially. Near the end of *The Exiles,* Holcombe, the New York assistant district-attorney, leaving Tangiers, asks Meakin, the police commissioner who had been indicted for blackmailing gambling houses, if he cannot do something for him at home. In the latter's reply we have what is probably the most powerful and sincere bit of writing that Mr. Davis has ever done. It is here quoted entire:

"I'll tell you what you can do for me, Holcombe. Some night I wish you would go down to Fourteenth Street, some night this spring, when the boys are sitting out on the steps in front of the Hall, and just take a drink for me at Ed Lally's; just for luck. That's what I'd like to do. I don't know nothing better than Fourteenth Street of a summer evening, with all the people crowding into Pastor's on one side of the Hall and the Third Avenue L cars running by on the other. That's a gay sight, ain't it now? With all the girls coming in and out of Theiss's, and the sidewalks crowded. One of them warm nights when they have to have the windows open, and you can hear the music in at Pastor's and the audience clapping their hands. That's great, isn't it?" Well, he laughed and he shook his head, "I'll be back there some day, won't I?" he said wistfully, "and hear it for myself."

Turning from Meakin to the versatile Van Bibber, we find at the corner of Ninth Street and University Place the French restaurant (Hotel Martin) from which he started out as "Best Man." The tables at

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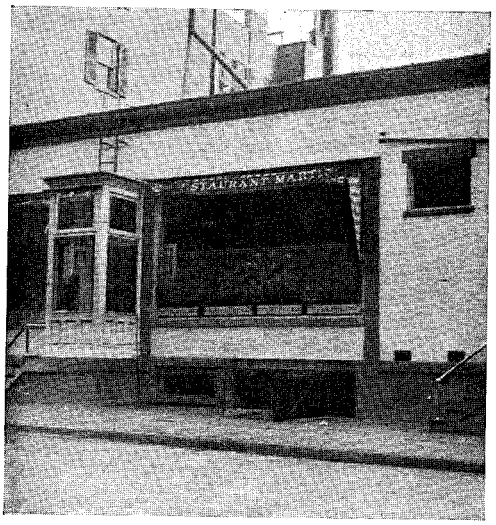
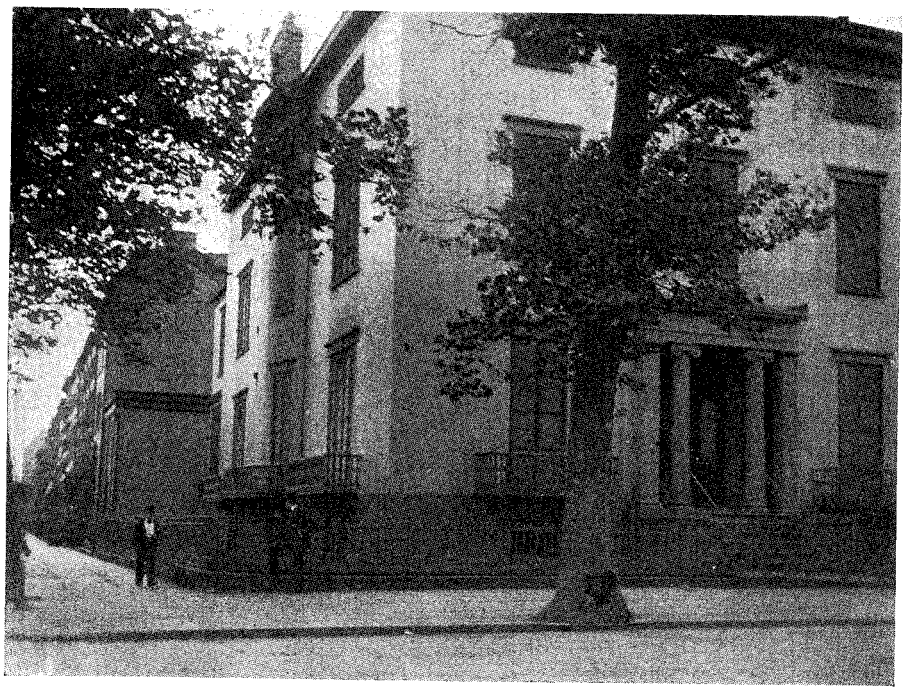


WHERE VAN BIBBER FOUND THE RUNAWAY COUPLE—R. H. DAVIS'S "VAN BIBBER AS BEST MAN."

which Van Bibber and the runaway couple were dining are in the one-story addition that runs along Ninth Street. On the steps running down from the hotel entrance to the sidewalk of University Place Van Bibber met the groom's elder brother, and promptly sent him off to Chicago. Later he wished it had been Jersey City. A block to the west, at the northwest corner of Ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, is the house in which Van Bibber came upon his penitent burglar. At the northeast corner of Twelfth Street and Fifth Avenue is the Mission House before which Lena died (E. W. Townsend's "By Whom the Offence Cometh").

Bunner coined a striking phrase when he spoke of the "bourgeois conservatism of Greenwich Village." But that was written many years ago before the invasion of the old American ward by the foreign element had really begun, and when a few minutes' walk from the tall clock tower of Jefferson Market whisked one back to the atmosphere and conditions of the early half of the century. The sight of that tall clock tower filled the soul of Chad (*Colonel Carter of Cartersville*) with unutterable bitterness. Brander Matthews, in one of his *Manhattan Vignettes,* speaks of John Suydam noting the "high roof and lofty terrace above all the yawning baskets of vegetables



WHERE VAN BIBBER FOUND THE BURGLAR—R. H. DAVIS.

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THE GATE BESIDE WHICH LENA DIED—E. W. TOWNSEND'S "BY WHOM THE OFFENCE COMETH."

and the pendent turkeys." In "Aunt Eliza's Triumph" Mr. Townsend takes us to Greenwich Village, Aunt Eliza living in a house on Bank Street.

Edgar Fawcett, in the story of *A New York Family,* pointed out the significant fact that all the great capitals of history, after many hesitant swerves and recoils, have taken a steadfast western course. This feature, however, is probably less true of our own than of any other metropolis of modern times. Chelsea and Greenwich Village were thriving populated communities when the eastern portion of the city of the same latitude was farm and swamp land. Mr. Fawcett's work is an excellent illustration of the element that is lacking in the local colour of the New York of fiction. He is strenuous, indomitably persistent, undoubtedly sincere. His descriptions are apparently laboriously and conscientiously wrought. But they are too often unconvincing. Much is to be said of his treatment of quaint corners of suburban New York, of Brooklyn, of Greenpoint, of Hoboken. These places, however, belong to a later paper. One of the houses of the picturesque Colonnade Row in Lafayette Place was the home of Mrs. Russell Leroy, described in *A Hopeless Case.* The old church at the southern end of Lafayette Place mentioned in the novel was St. Bartholomew's. The dwelling houses on the east side of the street disappeared years ago. Moving westward again, passing Grace Church, which Mr. Fawcett describes as "looming up a tall and stately sentinel at the upper end of Broadway," and the St. Denis Hotel, where Basil and Isabel March (*A Hazard of New Fortunes*) stayed during their invasions of New York, we find in West Tenth Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, the home of Spencer Delaplaine, the husband of Olivia Delaplaine in Mr. Fawcett's novel of that name. Two blocks away, at the Brevoort, lived Clinton Wainwright, Mr. Fawcett's "Gentleman of Leisure." One of Mr. Fawcett's most vigorous descriptions occurs where, in this book, he contrasts lower Fifth Avenue and Madison Square. Directly across the street from the Brevoort, on the east side of the avenue, is No. 68 Clinton Place, interesting

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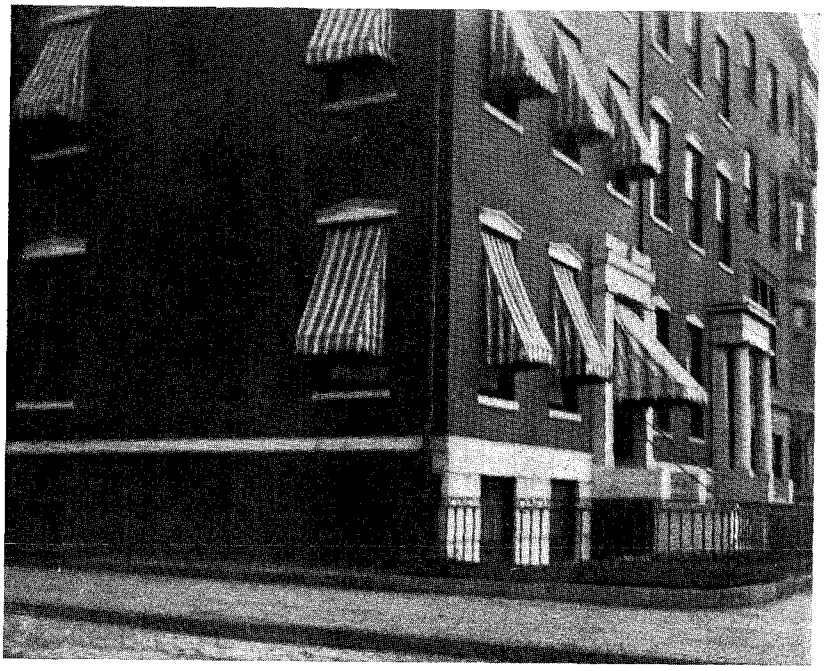

NO. 68 CLINTON PLACE—JANVIER'S "A TEMPORARY DEADLOCK."

as being not only the scene, but the *raison d'être,* of Thomas Janvier's *A Temporary Deadlock.* In one of the Fifth Avenue houses near here lived the Huntingdons of Edgar Fawcett's *A Hopeless Case.*

IX.

CRAWFORD'S NEW YORK—OLD SECOND AVENUE—GRAMERCY PARK—COLONEL CARTER'S HOME.

F. Marion Crawford belongs to a race of novelists—a race whose influence is likely to dominate the lighter literature of the early half of the twentieth century—who are untrammelled by circumstance of mere creed or speech; who turn to their work with a recognition of the great fundamental principle that human nature is everywhere pretty much the same; that love, hatred, avarice, jealousy, make romance equally in Madagascar and Maine. The story-tellers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries wrote of soils other than their own for the purpose of giving their extravagances the appearance of reality and verisimilitude. They sat down to their writing tables in much the same spirit as Tartarin started for Algiers. The Spain of Le Sage and Beaumarchais was as strange, as delightful, and as unreal as the country of the Liliputians or the Brobdagnagians. Thackeray in all his more important stories took his men and women at some time in the narrative to Paris or Weimar or Rome, but it was to the British society of these places that he introduced us—a society which carried with it its usages, its prejudices—its Lares and Penates. Among contemporary writers Mr. Davis, invading the shores of the Mediterranean and imaginary South American republics for local colour, must take with him a few men and women out of Mr. Gibson's sketch book to establish himself soundly; and Mr. Anthony Hope needed an Englishman to carry him through Ruritania. Even Mr. Kipling, so persistently hailed as the trumpeter of world-wide literature, has confined himself almost entirely to English-speaking people. His tales of native life are exotic. Mr. Crawford is more typically the pioneer. So distinctly is he a cosmopolitan, that his New York stories in no way compare with the splendid Saracinesca series; in the former he fails to make us feel the vastness, the complexity of the metropolitan

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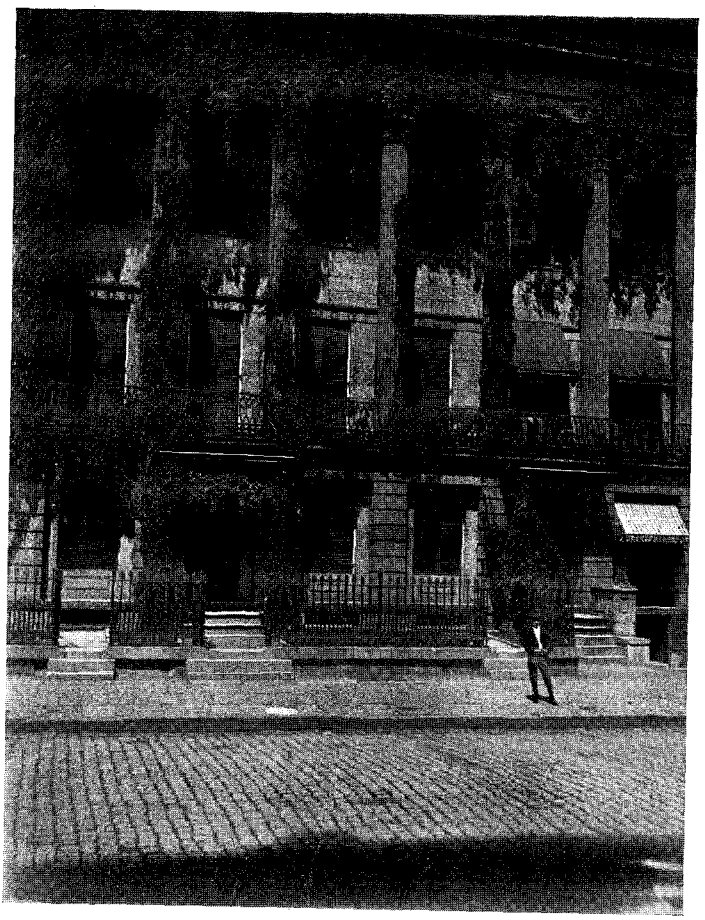
THE LAUDERDALE HOME—THE RESIDENCE OF MR. RICHARD WATSON GILDER, CLINTON PLACE—F. MARION CRAWFORD'S "KATHERINE LAUDERDALE" AND "THE RALSTONS."

and deep balconies, are among the most interesting and picturesque relics of the older New York. John Ralston and Katharine Lauderdale, on their spring day walk strolled up Stuyvesant Street and passed St. Mark's Church and on to Tompkins Square, with its broad walks and hordes of screaming children—Julian Ralph has written of these in *People We Pass*—and beyond across the lettered avenues to the timber yard at the water's

life that is behind his men and women. In finding a home for the Lauderdales, Mr. Crawford obviously made use of the vine-covered residence of Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, to which he has been a frequent visitor, on the north side of Clinton Place, a few doors east of Fifth Avenue. He speaks of Clinton Place never having been a fashionable thoroughfare, although it once lay in a fashionable neighbourhood. Farther east on Clinton Place, in "an odd, old structure tenanted by Bohemians," lived Paul Hathaway (*The Midge*). Again taking up Mr. Crawford's New York, the second house of Colonnade Row, opposite the Astor Library, was the home of Walter Crowdie and his wife Hester. A little garden, surrounded by an iron railing, separates the house from the street. These white houses, with their tall pillars



THE CROWDIES' HOME—LAFAYETTE PLACE—F. MARION CRAWFORD'S "THE RALSTONS."

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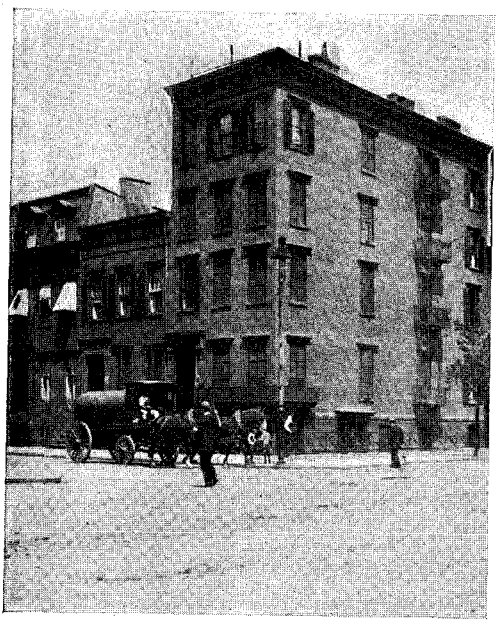
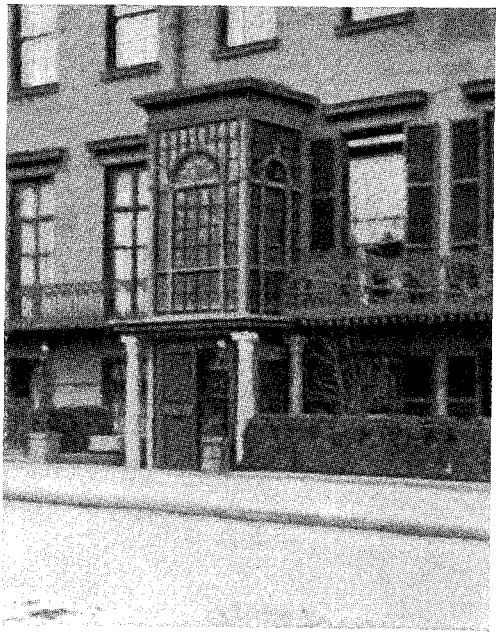


ERNEST NEUMANN'S HOME—HENRY HARLAND'S "AS IT WAS WRITTEN."

edge. On Avenue B was the canary bird shop of Andreas Stoffel, of Mr. Janvier's *An Idyll of the East Side.*

Claire Twining, in Edgar Fawcett's *An Ambitious Woman,* noted the "wide, airy expanse of the Square lighted with innumerable lamps" on her wild flight from Slocumb after the outbreak of fire in Niblo's Theatre. In this story Mr. Fawcett refers to the time when Tompkins Square was a "dark horror to all decent citizens living near it." By day set aside as a parade ground for the city militia, which paraded there scarcely twice a year, its lampless lapse of earth was by night at least four acres of brooding gloom, and he who ventured to cross it stood the risk of thieving assault, if nothing more harmful.

The Grosvenors lived in a big, dingy mansion on Second Avenue, near Stuyvesant and Rutherford Squares, which neighbourhood Mr. Fawcett has spoken of as "one of the few fragments that have been left uninvaded by the merciless spirit of change." Near by, in a little red brick house, dwelt Mrs. Montgomery, of Henry James's *Washington Square;* and Bunner has told us how at night the strong wind used to blow the music of St. George's bells half across the city to the Midge's ears. "It was as though Stuyvesant Square snugly locked up for the night sent a midnight message of reproach to the broader and more democratic ground, whose hard walks knew no rest from echoing footsteps in light or dark." Farther down, near the avenue's southern extremity, we find on the northwest corner of Second Street the large, red brick house where Ernest Neuman went to live under an assumed name after his release from the Tombs Prison, where he had been on trial for the murder of his betrothed, as described in Henry Harland's *As It Was Written.* The Karons of the same writer's *Mrs. Peixada* lived between Sixth and Seventh Streets, and across the way was the pawnshop of Bernard Peixada, "a brick house, although the bricks were concealed by a coat of dark grey stucco that blotches here and there had made almost black." The pawnbroking establishment was on the ground floor, and the broad windows in front were protected, like those of a jail, by heavy iron bars. In these windows were musical instruments, household ornaments, kitchen utensils, firearms, tarnished uniforms, women's



ROYAL WELDON'S HOME—GRAMERCY PARK—EDGAR SALTUS'S "TRISTREM VARICK."

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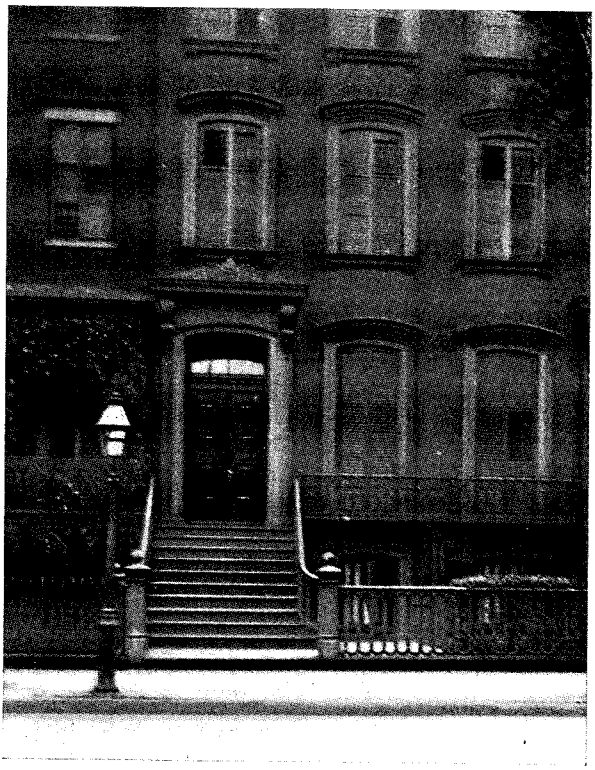
faded gewgaws and finery, and behind these, darkness, mystery and gloom. The three upper stories were hermetically sealed and wore a sinister and ill-omened aspect. There is, however, no structure in the neighbourhood even remotely suggestive of this shop.

At the corner of Eighteenth Street and Fifth Avenue was the house of Uncle Larry Laughton (Brander Matthews's *The Last Meeting*), where the Full Score Club met the evening that Frederick Olyphant was "shanghaied" by the man with the Black Heart. The original of Laurence Laughton was Laurence Hutton, and the house in question was the home of Professor Matthews's father. The scene of the dinner in *The Last Meeting* was the library, to which was transferred, for the purposes of the story, Laurence Hutton's famous collection of death masks.



MRS. LEROY'S HOUSE—GRAMERCY PARK—F. HOPKINSON SMITH'S "CALEB WEST."

Crossing from here to Gramercy Park, we find at No. 2 the home of Mr. Gifford Pinchot, used by F. Hopkinson Smith as the residence of Mrs. Leroy in *Caleb West*. It was here that Caleb's wife found a refuge after her flight with Lally. The house at the west corner of Lexington Avenue and the Park was probably the home of Royal Weldon, who appears in Edgar Saltus's *The Truth About Tristrem Varick*. It was in the drawing-room of this house that Tristrem Varick drove the needle-like Roman knife home to his host's heart.

The quarters occupied by Colonel Carter of Cartersville during that period of his life when he was in New York trying to interest the agents of English syndicates in the railroad scheme, the consummation of which would have given many of the very first Virginian families easy access to the Atlantic Coast, were described by F. Hopkinson Smith as being in "an old-fashioned, partly furnished, two-story house, nearly a century old, which crouched down behind the larger and more modern dwelling fronting on the street," designated in the book as *Bedford Place*. The spot was within a stone's throw of the tall clock tower of the Jefferson Market. The street entrance to this curious abode was marked by a swinging wooden gate, opening into a narrow tunnel, which dodged under the front house. "It was an uncanny sort of passageway, mouldy and wet from a long neglected leak overhead, and lighted at night by a rusty lantern with dingy glass sides." Bedford Place was West Tenth Street, and over the swinging wooden gate is the number—"58½." Until a very few years ago this quaint bit of local colour existed in its entirety. Most of it, however, was destroyed when Mr. Maitland Armstrong, the owner of the front house, No. 58 West Tenth Street, remodelled his own residence. The entrance and the eastern half of the white frame structure in the rear, where the Colonel had his home, remain intact. The swinging wooden gate whence "Chad" swooped down upon the complacent shopkeepers of the quarter was for years a familiar landmark of the neighbourhood. It opened into the tunnel directly under the

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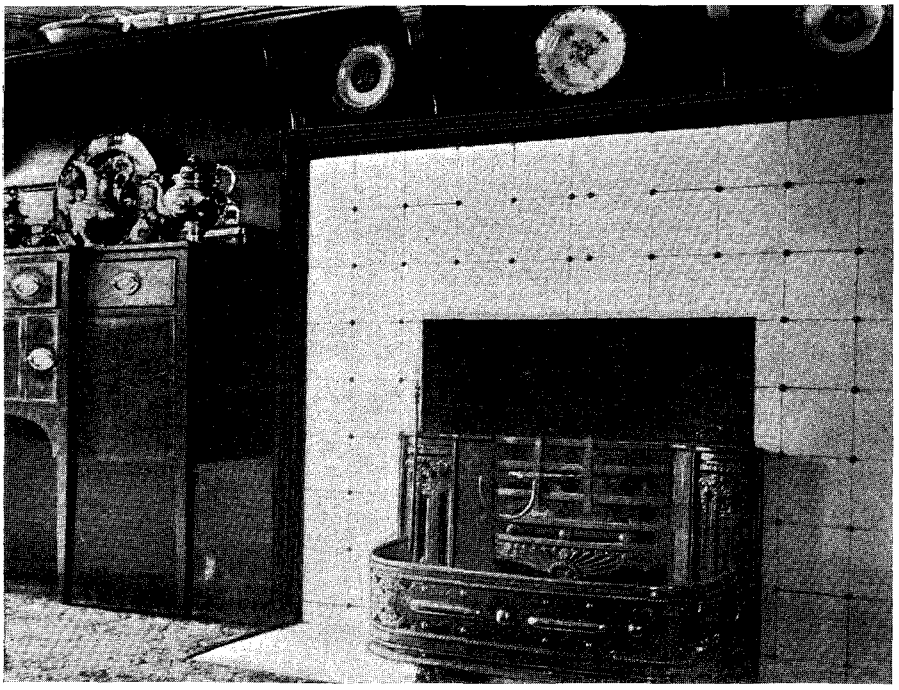
COLONEL CARTER'S GATE—PRESENT DAY—F. HOPKINSON SMITH'S "COLONEL CARTER OF CARTERSVILLE."



"THE FIRE IS MY FRIEND," SAID COLONEL CARTER.
COLONEL CARTER'S FIREPLACE—F. HOPKINSON SMITH'S "COLONEL CARTER OF CARTERSVILLE."

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stoop of No. 58 as it exists to-day. To the west of the gate the steps curved up to the door of the front house. Peering through the iron gate in front, one may see part of the dark, uncanny tunnel where the Colonel indulged in pistol practice preparatory to his expected meeting with the broker Klutchem. The garden where Fitz and the Major took refuge while "Chad" held the lighted candle as a mark for Carter's skill was then between the two houses. Few traces of it remain, for the extension built in the rear of No. 58 covers the greater part of the ground. Those who witnessed the stage presentation of *Colonel Carter of Cartersville* at Palmer's Theatre will doubtless remember that the scene of one act is laid in the Colonel's dining-room. When the play was in preparation Mr. Smith piloted the scenic artist through the old building, with the result that the long room made familiar to theatregoers as the scene of the Virginian Don Quixote's exploits was an exact reproduction of the original chamber. In the rear may be found the little door opening into the hall and the fourteen little white wooden steps by which Carter and his friends mounted to the upper story of the structure, where from one of the west windows "Chad," looking out into the night, saw the tall, illuminated tower of "de jail" looming up ominous and mysterious. A few hundred yards away, on Sixth Avenue, was the cellar saloon patronised by Carter and his Virginian friends. Mr. Smith recognises three dominant types in American life. From *Colonel Carter of Cartersville,* in which he attempted to portray the old Southern chivalry so rapidly passing away, he passed in *Tom Grogan* to the study of the ubiquitous Irish-American type. *Caleb West* completed the trilogy with a picture of the sturdy life sprung from the New England soil.

(To be continued.)

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NOTES ON ENGLISH STYLE IN THE VICTORIAN PERIOD.

No writer on style is so suggestive as the French novelist Flaubert. For much of what follows I am his debtor, but to his primary aim these notes are in complete antagonism. The ideal greatness toward which Flaubert was always struggling may be defined as impersonality in art. The old, and I venture to think the true, theory is that individuality makes and colours the great and original stylist. To have a style that is not derived, that is noble and new, you must have a powerful and lonely personality; you must have an individuality that is distinct, presentable and impressive. Style is the expression of a temperament, and no matter how the artist may strive, in the end he will reveal himself. Even if he says with Browning, "Mine remains the unproffered soul," he stands in essentials naked and open to discerning eyes. The fulness of the self-disclosure may be impeded or the reverse. Meredith's riddle is harder to read than that of many. On the other hand, Thackeray's writings were, if not more, at least more intentionally, tinged with individual peculiarity than those of his contemporaries.

But individuality, however singular and potent, is not enough to make a man a great writer. Among men and women who have never written anything one has found personalities at least as striking and memorable as any among living authors. I could find you in the works of unknown Muggletonians passages as noble as any in Bunyan. But the writers could not maintain themselves at a level. They had no literature and no art. The personality must have the power of expression, power of selection and of judgment. He will find that the more peculiar his outfit and experience are, the less satisfactory is the instrument of language laid to his hand. He may even speak with Flaubert of a language worn down to the thread, worm-eaten, debilitated and cracking under the fingers at every effort to use it. He will not despair; he will think of how the instrument may be sharpened and tempered till it can do its work. He may dream with the French writer of a prose style as rhythmical as verse itself, precise as the language of science, of a style that will enter the idea as with the point of a lancet, of a style where thought will travel over the smooth surfaces like a canoe with fair winds behind it. It will very rarely, perhaps never, turn out that consummate expression is reached apart from tremendous labour. Even to write a story of common life without detriment to the natural truth of the subject is a work which may well tax the energies of the greatest genius.

I. John Ruskin.

Ruskin is essentially to be ranked with the optimists who flourished from the late forties to the middle of the fifties. He was then perhaps in the zenith of his power. There was a thrill in the air at that time, a belief that a new world was at hand. The books of the Brontës, the socialism of Kingsley, the preaching of Kossuth and Mazzini, the poetry of Sydney Dobell, Alexander Smith and Mrs. Browning, were among the influences of the period. Naturally they appealed in the first place to the young.

> Still are they equal—fit for weeping or for laughter;
> The flight they still admire; the flash with pleasure see.

But more or less everybody was affected. Men and women had enthusiasms, and for once were not ashamed of them. There was such an explosion of hoarded passion as took place when Burns gave language to the Scottish heart. Ruskin was as exuberant, as confident, as fiery and burning as any of them. Who could speak admiration as he could speak it, as, for example, when he said about Michael Angelo that "every fragment and atom of stone he ever touched became instantly inhabited by what makes the hair stand up and the words be few"? He had, and he has kept, that large and noble spirit of beneficence which is the very salt of genius. He was like Burns, who "eyed the general mirth with boundless love." He had an enlarged sympathy with all happiness and all distress, the

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genial breath which makes even the worst rhodomontade of Victor Hugo worth reading. So deep was this great energy in him that it has often passed over into anger, the life of the miserable hungering world has often acted on his mind like a splinter. This was his individuality, but in Ruskin's style art is as prominent as the individuality. This is why the spasmodists looked askance at him, the most representative critic of the school even denying that he was a man of genius, and affirming that his power was that of disease. With all his exuberance Ruskin was a great artist. He knew that though exuberance was what charmed him, and might for the moment charm the unthinking, yet the true effect is only produced by the repression of exuberance, by following the old advice to strike out whatever you think particularly fine. So it happens that Ruskin's style is often too artificial, and that he, the most impulsive of men, is capable of almost more than enough of the nervous, substantial, clear phrase, "with swelling muscle and gleaming skin." He has avoided the glare of colour and miasmatic rankness of imagery so often fatal to genius.

II. Thackeray.

The inevitable reaction from the spasmodic movement is typified by Thackeray; in fact, the end of it was Thackerayanism in literature and Palmerstonianism in politics. It neglected the severe virtues of measure, self-discipline, restraint. The first heavy blow was dealt by Aytoun in *Firmilian*. It is curious that this should have appeared in *Blackwood*, for it was in *Blackwood* that the Scythian in literature, coming with barbaric vigour from the outfield and making short work of form and convention, chiefly disported himself. Christopher North was the very type of the Goth, and the old story of the Roman and the Goth was repeated. "The large, succulent Goth, with eyes azure as the heavens and locks like golden sunshine," went down before the dark-eyed little Roman. And so the prose and poetry of Christopher North have passed away, and the reign of Thackeray continues.

One can believe to the full everything that his best friends say about Thackeray; in fact, they are all proved by his writings. We can easily believe, in fact we know, that his was a nature fundamentally simple and noble. The sarcastic quality of his writings no doubt represents primarily the reaction of his judgment against his impulse. He regarded goodness most, and in his true humility he came to think of intellectual power as a drawback, as marring that simplicity of trust which was the crown of character. We can believe, I say, that his sensitive nature found both concealment and utterance in his sharp sayings. It is told of him that he once accepted as a compliment the half-serious remark of one of his friends that the principal feature of his character was a weak religious sentimentality. Still, it cannot be denied that from his individuality he was possessed with the sense of the moral failure of humanity. He saw deeply into the illusions of life. He saw, as few have seen, its pathos and its tenderness, but he saw also the weaknesses, the inevitable incongruities that accompany these—the despairing woman poet who ate a mutton chop for breakfast every morning of her blighted existence, the pathetic harlequinade of social life. I do not believe that Thackeray would have been much different if life had gone more smoothly with him. He might not in that case have been provoked to the open scorn and contempt, the savage passion of books like *Barry Lindon*. But he himself was not made for great victories over self, and he had a profound disbelief in the power of human nature to attain and keep exalted heights. When Charlotte Brontë had stood some time before Lawrence's portrait of Thackeray she said, "And there came up a lion out of Judah." "She meant," said the late Mr. Hutton, "that the face expressed first of all to her mind a deep rage at the treachery of human nature in which a generous nobility and a destructive fever of almost animal spite were blended in equal proportions." I venture to think that Miss Brontë meant something much more simple.

In any case it is this blending of gentleness that makes Thackeray's rage so terrible, his power to make us feel aversion and sympathy at once. It is his deep yearning to believe that accentuates the impossibility he found in believing the conclusions he had come to about the

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human nature which he loved and distrusted and often despised, and nearly always pitied. This individuality, this view of life expressing itself finally in *vanitas vanitatum*, combined with the sense of form which made it his chief ambition to leave behind him some poems like the *Odes* of Horace, may help us to understand Thackeray's style, in its way one of the greatest and purest and most adequate that any English writer has used.

III. Robert Louis Stevenson.

Much has been said of the style of Robert Louis Stevenson—a name so dear to us all. He has written of his own practice with the utmost frankness and simplicity. But in his case also the individuality was more than the art. Some years ago one of the more brilliant Scottish writers, an enthusiastic admirer of Stevenson, asked me if I had ever observed the likeness of his style to that of *The Fourfold State*. The book, once familiar in every religious household, was written by the great saint and doctor of the Scottish Church who sleeps in Ettrick—Thomas Boston. I followed up the hint, and found it confirmed. As you know the writings of Stevenson, and as few of you can be trusted to go through the twelve volumes of Boston's works, so scandalously edited by the Rev. Samuel Macmillan, I shall confine myself to a very few quotations—they might be indefinitely extended—from Boston.

Speaking of his marriage, a union in which such love and such pain kept company, Boston writes:

> Her death had sometimes stared us in the face, and hundreds of arrows have pierced my heart on that score . . . In the which furnace the grace of God hath been brightened, her parts continued to a wonder, and her beauty, which formerly was wont upon her recoveries to leave no vestige of the illness she has been under, doth as yet now and then show some vestiges of itself.

On his friendship with Mr. Gabriel Wilson he tells us how his acquaintance with him "advanced to a particular friendship, and after I was settled in Ettrick and he in Maxton, the same grew up into a noted and uncommon strictness, continuing through the mercy of God inviolate to this day." Afterward he writes in a time of trouble:

> In these damps I unbosomed myself to my friend, Mr. Wilson, for whom I bless the Lord, and he was useful to me. And so I stepped over that discouragement which I could not yet remove.

There is a story in his memoirs of a "strong old man" about seventy-six years old, who was going to church, and died little more than a stone cast from it. He fell down, gave two shivers, and died between the water and the western park of the glebe.

> Thus coming to the church he came to the churchyard; he came heartily and cleverly to his grave instead of being borne.

"It is," says Boston, "the usual way of Providence with we that matters of moment come through several iron gates"—an experience which Stevenson has expressed less perfectly, as he would have been the first to admit. Writing of the end, he says: "I have been several times on this occasion taking a view of death, and I have found that faith in God through Christ makes another world not quite strange."

At first sight one might say that there was little in common between Boston and Stevenson. Boston was a great writer because he was a great man, and because his personality found free and true expression in his pages. With Stevenson art counted for much. He has told us of the elaborate processes of imitation and gymnastics by which it came to pass that at last when he sat down legions of words swarmed to his call, dozens of turns of phrases simultaneously bade for his choice. When Ruskin tells us that what is best in his manner of writing is due to Byron and Scott we smile; but we know Mr. Stevenson for a deliberate artificer, and in the good sense a borrower, as one who sought to be influenced, and who had his desire given him. When the word or phrase comes alone, undelaying, and fit, it is best. In the language of the really great writer there are no synonyms. What united Boston and Stevenson was their view of life, to a large extent the typical

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Scottish view—sober, restrained, temperate, and yet desperate on occasions. As Stevenson once wrote me: "The loss of friends and the law in the members are the two cureless crooks in the human lot."

But what was peculiar to both of them was their long coasting by the shores of death. You will find in Boston's autobiography how much he dwells on sickness and on the final parting, how loosely he held all things here. The keynote to the understanding of Stevenson is perhaps his early essay, "Ordered South," in which he describes with exquisite feeling how the thought of almost the certainty that life was not long for him changed his view of all things. In the note added many years later to the essays, death appeared to him more terrible, because as a man goes on the life which began so small has now grown with myriad filaments into the lives of others. Yet essentially he kept the same view, and this is the charm of his writing. He was eager in his service, and yet he was detached, not too eager, because at any moment the call might come and release him. He could take delight in the present as those cannot who are always projecting their happiness to some perhaps unattainable future. He was being healed of ambition; he was healed of envy, and could rejoice with an unhampered heart in the gladness and in the prosperity of others. Like Boston's, his friendships were strict and noted, and as death closed them one by one, some fair and noble portion of this existence was always falling away, and it was easier to think of the end. Excellent as Stevenson's style is, there are signs that it is losing its influence. What he will live by is not by his literary art, but by his most loveable and lonely individuality.

IV. George Meredith.

Coming to the veteran writer still left to us, on whose honoured head so many crowns are now resting, I feel that to say anything it would be necessary to say much. I will content myself simply with stating not the innumerable problems raised by Mr. Meredith's writings, but *the* problem on the solution of which his future among English authors depends. That his is a personality singularly rich, complicated, intense, and outstanding, the most careless reader will perceive. Does that personality find its true expression in his style, or has the artist deliberately set himself to bewilder readers? If the style is a natural style, it will always be studied, and will always repay study. If it is not, then in spite of the immense treasures in his works they will be on the whole neglected, discovered every now and then by some shrill and eager spirit, but as a whole they will be sealed books.

Let me put the question in a concrete form. I take no account of his later books because the acquired style becomes the natural style. But if—remember I say if—in his earlier days Meredith wrote two versions of his books, the first easy, clear and Thackerayan, and then translated this into Meredithese, this would put him among the second rank of writers. We have, I regret to say, one example at least where we can trace this process at work. In his volume of poems, published in 1851, Mr. Meredith wrote one of the most charming, rhythmical and melodious of love songs, "Love in a Valley." For months after he read it Tennyson could not get the lines out of his lips. For a long time they were hidden, and then not many years ago they were republished in Meredithese. Even in the present form some vestige of their former beauty may now and then be seen, but they are intolerable to any reader fortunate enough to possess the first copy.

V. Thomas Hardy.

I have something more to say of the author who perhaps, when all is said and done, will be judged the greatest prose writer of the later Victorian period. In Mr. Hardy's hands the novel is the chosen instrument of a very grave and deep thinker. The most careless reader marks his melancholy, his sense of the cruelty of the ways of things. Even when calm on the surface, the heart is ravaged. We gaze frequently into gulfs of weariness and sorrow, and sometimes even on the soul's inward and irredeemable night. Mr. Hardy's recently published volume of poems helps us to see that his thoughts of the universe have been held for many years, though the free expression has only appeared in the later books.

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It is a theory of the universe in which he perhaps stands absolutely alone among the great writers, though Heine often does more than hint it. He is no atheist; he believes fully in the existence of superior powers. But he holds that these powers amuse themselves by torture, and that their delight is to watch the racking and the writhing of human beings. Nothing more horrible can be conceived than this, and it may be even more horrible than Mr. Hardy makes it. In one unforgettable sentence he says, "The President of the Immortals had finished his sport with Tess," and in his poems we see that he takes a certain sombre but real comfort in the belief that everything ends at death, that the thought-worn eves and morrows are followed by a morrow free of thought. But is he so sure? What if the President of the Immortals takes us at death to anguish more strangling still? I say that in his view Mr. Hardy is alone, for, though in the Greek tragedies there is an occasional arraignment of the gods, yet Mr. Hardy has given form and substance and body to the complaints which the ancient poets uttered in hint and shadow. In the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles, for example, there is at least one very distinct complaint, but the sullen occasional murmur at the fabled governors of the universe is very different from the unstinted and sustained bitterness of our modern novelist. The most true and perfect representation of the spirit of the Greek tragedy among English poets is no doubt to be found in Mr. Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon*. Mr. Swinburne recognises that the theology of the Greek dramatists is uneven and inconsistent. He gives us the pitiful protest of Althea:

They mock us with a little piteousness,
And we say prayers and weep; but at the last,
Sparing awhile they smite, and spare no whit.

But he remembers how we have Ions and Hippolytuses who reverence the gods, and even bless the hand that smote them. And so there is a counsel of submission and reverence.

For whom they love and whom reject, being gods,
There is no man but seeth, and in good time
Submits himself, refraining all his heart.

In the brilliant but forgotten *Philoctetes* of Lord De Tabley the protest is more audible and impassioned:

O mightily seated and
Throned are our masters,
And steadily rooted;
Their heels they have set
On Titans in anguish,
And trodden the faces
Of those at their mercy
Down into the marl-pits
Of fiery darkness.

But even he comes very far short of the consistent and ordered teaching of Mr. Hardy. His, to use his own phrase, is a heart insurgent, and at eve the rebellion of the noontide waxes fiercer. He speaks for sufferers who, as he tells, suffer by a Divine misrule. His gods are our devils. There is very much in Mr. Hardy besides this; in particular a certain Shakespearean humour. But all his thought of nature and life is coloured by the fundamental perception. He utters it grandly. Where, for example, is there a nobler passage in English prose than his description of Egdon Heath? For mankind he has a deep and easily understood compassion. He does not so much attack the moral law as deny that its punishment can be rightly inflicted on derelicts, and no one can read Mr. Hardy with understanding without perceiving how again and again at a certain stage in the history of his characters, it may be even from the beginning, he tacitly assumes that the power to will has been taken away.

VI. "Mark Rutherford."

And now I close these notes with a word on the writer whom of all these I love best, the author of *The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford*.* In a certain way one can comprehend the styles of the others, can remotely imagine how they have been built up, just as you can imagine how a great painter constructs his picture touch after touch. But, to me, Mark Rutherford is an enigma. What he does is to produce swiftly and

*A new edition of the *Autobiography; Mark Rutherford's Deliverance* and *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane* have just been published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company in two volumes. Price, $1.50 each.

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unerringly a long series of perfect circles. I cannot even guess how this is done, but take any of his books, and you will perceive that he writes with no elaboration, directly and easily. Then try whether you can alter a word without spoiling the sentence. That is especially true of his great books, the two on *Mark Rutherford* and *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane*. Partly the explanation is that his feeling has a characteristic of simple intensity and directness, such as one may live for a lifetime without seeing.

If it be true that the dimensions of the soul may be measured by its power of suffering, as you calculate the depth of rivers by their current, then Mark Rutherford's is one of the greatest of souls. Yet the expression of his sorrow has all the reticence of real grief. Take two or three passages:

John hardly bore up under this sorrow. A man can endure much provided he knows that he will be well supported when his day's toil is over, but if the help for which he looks fails he falls. Beaten down, baffled, disappointed, if we are in tolerable health we can contrive to live on some almost impossible chance, some most distant flicker of hope. It is astonishing how minute a crack in the heavy uniform cloud will relieve us. But when after our searching we can see nothing, then at last we sink. . . .

My arm was round her in an instant, her head was on my shoulder, and my many wanderings were over. It was broad, high sunny noon, the most solitary hour of the daylight in these fields.

My many wanderings were over.

Is not that the last word that can be said? "It was broad, high, sunny noon"—does it not recall the words: "It was about the tenth hour"? In *Tanner's Lane* there is a sermon on Jephthah, in which the preacher argues that the election of God is an election to pain.

To what did God elect Jephthah? He elected him to the agony he endured while she was away upon the hills! Yes, you will say that He elected him to the victory over Ammon. Doubtless, but what cared Jephthah for his victory over Ammon when she came to meet him?

Observe that the words are plain and few. But do they leave anything that can be added? They recall Rossetti's terrible lines:

> How shall I when he comes home
> Tell him who lies there?

They are like Lacedæmonian swords—short, yet piercing the heart.

I have no application to make of these notes. Flaubert makes the application when he speaks of the solemn and almost painful reverence that comes over one's heart when he measures the giants, and says to himself in his abasement, "*O, Altitudo!*" One thing perhaps may be said. There is no human individuality that cannot in its measure be made interesting. If we must write without a special call, let us be ourselves and nothing else, only let us be our better selves. Let us not cease to breathe from the four winds of heaven; let us not give up our enthusiasms, let us not grow callous and tarnished with the passing of years. As one has said, "That only is great in art which comes from the depths of a pure and true soul." *W. Robertson Nicoll.*

THE UNATTAINED

Like some rapt Poet, hand-clasped with Desire,
Pacing through dew and dark,
If haply he may learn upon his lyre
The lyric of a lark—

So I, hand-clasped with Dreams, oft-times afar
Through spheres celestial stroll,
If haply I may reach the certain star,
Where dwells Her sainted soul.

Clarence Urmy.

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THE LAFAYETTE MONUMENT SCANDAL.

THERE are such rumours extant concerning the Lafayette monument award that it seems to us that the time has come when they can no longer be disregarded. From the first there have been charges of fraud and connivance, and a full *exposé* is now threatened of the inside workings of the scheme as it was "railroaded" through.

Every effort has been made to keep the facts from the public, and even at the time of the open revolt, at a meeting of the National Sculpture Society, when leading sculptors denounced the methods employed, every inkling of the dissatisfaction of those sculptors was by some means kept from the press. At that meeting it developed that no one, apparently, was responsible for the award, although Mr. Paul Bartlett remarked with laconic unction that he "had the commission in his inside pocket and proposed to keep it."

To understand this situation, it must be recalled that when the subject of the great gift to France from this country was first broached—a gift now representing a fund of a quarter million of dollars—it was promulgated far and wide that a *concours* of sculptors was to decide for the best design and to determine the sculptor who was to receive the honour of executing the work.

No *concours* was ever held, no sculptor received notification for competitive representation until after Mr. Bartlett was known to have the award. In the bitter dissatisfaction which followed this announcement, the suggestion came from the powers that be that a second sculptor, in sympathy with Mr. Bartlett, should collaborate.

Four sculptors were invited to this invidious distinction, and they promptly declined. During the summer efforts were made to engage the co-operative services of Mr. George Grey Barnard, who, after a time, accepted and worked for some months on his designs. While every assurance was warranting his work, and just as he was preparing to go abroad for the finishing execution, he was summarily dismissed by a cablegram to the effect that only an equestrian statue of Lafayette was to be used, and that Mr. Paul Bartlett would execute that.

It is said that a wealthy pork-packer of Chicago, Thompson by name, is the power behind Commissioner Peck's throne. Mr. Thompson is a warm friend of Mr. Bartlett. Mr. Thompson is credited with the entire responsibility of the award and of the disposition of the fund. President McKinley and the Governors of the States were named as a committee over the whole. They seem to have been only figureheads. Messrs. J. Q. A. Ward, George B. Post and John La Farge were named as an advisory committee of award. Mr. Ward acknowledges that he had nothing to do with the award.

When the scandals in regard to the Sherman and Dodge monuments are recalled, it will be seen that the Lafayette is not furnishing a precedent for political jobbery and intrigue. In fact, the instances are far too numerous. It has grown to be the rule whenever any large amount is to be expended on a public work. Nor does the quality of the work count as a factor. "Anything is good enough for the Americans" openly boasted Mercier, who executed the Lee monument at Richmond.

The sculptors say that a great opportunity like the Lafayette monument seldom comes, and that when it does it should be distinctly a question of superlative merit, free from favouritism, friendship or politics; that the question of art should be the dominant one, and that as such, it is a question to be finally disposed of by the sculptors themselves; that if the commission were to be given outright to a sculptor, his fitness, intelligence and power of execution and conception of design should be passed upon by a jury of his peers.

Outside of these questions the subject of Americanism enters into the general protest. It is said that although Mr. Bartlett was born in America, he has lived in France since his early childhood, and is unalienably identified with French characteristics.

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The site of the monument has been selected in the Garden of the Tuileries. No place in the world offers such an advantage for American sculpture to impose its character and national importance on the European countries, to whom its artistic qualities should not be the least of its attractiveness.

As a country, in this instance, how are we rewarding the world-recognised efforts of such sculptors as St. Gaudens, Macmonnies and Barnard? Will no one ask that question in the representation of this enduring monument which we are giving as a pledge of affection to France? Will the public who furnished the magnificent fund be content with an individual arbiter of art, and with one man to determine the national expression and distribution?

THOMAS HOOD AND "PUNCH."

ALTHOUGH the occasion of the centenary of Thomas Hood has drawn forth many an appreciative article, and although Canon Ainger has devoted a delightful volume to his poems, no one has attempted to draw up a list of his writings with any pretension to completeness. Tom Hood, in the touching "Memorials" of his father, declined to enter formally on the hopeless task, although he made such notes as were in his power—notes, however, which were not always quite correct or well informed. He drew up a tentative sort of list of Thomas Hood's contributions to *Punch;* but he was not supplied with the facts which are now for the first time set before the reader. The record here following may be accepted as complete.

It may be remembered that when *Punch* was first started, it professed to present among the contributions of favourite humorous writers examples of Hood's "punmanship." Hood, who had never heard of the paper, declared himself alike astonished and offended at *Punch's* audacity; yet within two years he was contributing the numerous specimens of verbal quips and cranks which, after an interval, led up to the important verses by some of which he is still remembered.

1. (P. 111, vol. iv. 1844.) "Whys and Whens. By an eminent Professor." Eight conundrums and their answers, such as, "When is a lady like a trout? When she takes a *Fly* that brings her to the Bank." "Why is a bird a greedy creature? Because it never eats less than a peck."

2. (P. 115.) "Epigram, on 'The Tuft Hunter,' by Lord W. Lennox" (whose plagiaristic effrontery is one of the curiosities of stolen literature).

A Duke once declared—and most solemnly too—
That whatever he liked with his own he would do;
But the son of a Duke has gone farther, and shown
He will do what he likes with what isn't his own!

3. (P 116.) Conundrum: "Why is 'Yes' the most ignorant word in the language? Because it doesn't 'No' anything."

4. (P. 119.) "Whys and Whens. By an eminent Professor." Eight conundrums and answers.

5. (P. 125.) Three conundrums and answers.

6. (P. 131.) Five conundrums and answers.

7. (P. 132.) Four conundrums and answers.

8. (P. 166.) "Whys and Whens. By an eminent Professor." Six conundrums and answers.

This last contribution appeared on April 22, 1843, and not until November 18 did Hood resume. Then came a strik-

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ing poem, a column in length, of seventy-five lines. Father Mathew's crusade was all that time agitating the public mind. *Punch* declared for what he called the Father's "Pollyputthekettleonicon." Douglas Jerrold wrote an article explanatory of Kenny Meadows's twin cartoons, "The Water Drop—The Gin Drop"; and Hood burst forth with his admirable—

9. (P. 223, vol. iv.) "A Drop of Gin!" which is reprinted in the ten-volume edition of his works.

10. (P. 260.) "The Song of the Shirt." Eleven eight-line stanzas. From the printed version in *Punch* one verse is omitted. In the collected works the missing verse has been set up from the original manuscript.

It may here be remarked that on p. 263 of *Punch* appears "A Corporation Carol for Christmas," which I have seen attributed to Hood. It was written, however, by Percival Leigh.

11. (P. 269.) "The Pauper's Christmas Funeral." Seven nine-line stanzas.

12. (P. 14, vol. vi. 1844.) "Reflections on New Year's Day." Five four-line verses, with the first repeated.

13. (P. 73.) "The Awful State of Ireland." A column prose article, signed "A Saxon," written in the style of damaged orthography which Thackeray was afterward to make his own. The article deals with a letter which Lord Eldon had read in the Upper House—"from witch it appear, as to I-burn-ye, alias Ireland, even in the most bewtiful distrix insted of bein in Paradis, the more youre Blest the more youre Cust."

14. (P. 118.) "A Dream." Poem of 108 lines. The last contribution, written when the author was suffering the pain of his mortal illness.

M. H. Spielmann.

WAX WRITING TABLETS FROM POMPEI

ONE of the latest supplements of the great epigraphical publication known as the *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum* is that of the fourth volume, which is assigned to the inscriptions discovered at Pompeii. This supplement, published recently, is a noteworthy addition to these imposing volumes, for therein are presented fac-similes and transcripts of the one hundred and fifty-four wax writing-tablets which were found in 1875 in the house recognised as once the property of L. Cæcilius Iucundus, a *coactor argentarius* collector or broker. From the time of their discovery these writing-tablets have claimed the study and consideration of scholars, but they are brought together and treated in full with suitable indices for the first time in this work, so that now the opportunity for study and comparison has been greatly increased.

These little tablets are of much interest and importance. They are evidently receipts given to Cæcilius Iucundus acknowledging the payment by him of certain sums of money; their contents, therefore, take us back to the business life of Pompeii. They are important to the philologist, for they show in their vocabulary new words and new forms. The student of palæography finds here the oldest specimens of Roman cursive letters, of the same character, in fact, as those scratched and painted on the walls of the houses.

The house in which these wax tablets were found was undoubtedly that of the broker Cæcilius Iucundus, for, with the exception of the oldest tablet, which is drawn to the father or testator of Iucundus, and of one other, in the name of a man from whom Iucundus leased a farm,

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no other person appears as the one whose payment of money is thereby acknowledged. A number of inscriptions indicate the ownership of the house. One on an amphora declares that the article was presented to Iucundus by Sextus Metellus. His two sons announce in an inscription their preference for Ceius Secundus as a candidate for duovir, while in another Iucundus himself urges the people to vote for Holconius Rufus for the same office. In the atrium of the house there was discovered a bronze bust supported on a pedestal, which was dedicated to the Genius of Lucius by his freedman Felix. It may be added here that the fittings and equipment of the house indicate that its owner was a man of wealth.

The tablets were found in a fragmentary state in a wooden box about two feet square, the material of which, though disintegrated by heat, or more probably by its long burial, had nevertheless sufficed to keep the contents in the position in which they had been placed. They are made of ash or pine, and are of rectangular form, having a smooth surface sunk slightly and bordered by a rim. The length is from four to five inches, while the breadth is somewhat less. The writing surface is of black wax, in which the letters were drawn by means of a sharp-pointed instrument of metal, bone or hard wood, termed stilus. Such tablets could be used singly or a number were bound together. The Pompeian specimens, with the exception of eight or ten, which are of two parts (diptychs), are made up of three tablets (triptychs). The individual tablets were made by splitting a block of wood in such a way as to follow the grain of the wood. Those cut from the same block were selected to be bound together, so that the irregularities of the surface would match, and a means of detecting fraud in the make-up of the document be secured. For binding purposes threads were passed through holes cut in one edge before the block was split. This arrangement permitted the ready opening and closing of the document, as in the books of to-day. Threads were also employed for fastening parts of the document together and securing them, for it was evidently the custom to close and seal the first two tablets by drawing the ends of the threads through the perforations cut in the other edge, and sealing them down in a groove cut in the fourth page—that is, the second page of the second tablet. The names of the witnesses were written in ink on the plain board surface of the fourth page to the right of the seals, while the left side remained unused.

The general arrangement of these documents is as follows: The first and sixth pages of the triptych are uniformly the smooth surface of board, the second and third contain the text of the receipt, the fourth was assigned to the names of the witnesses and the seals, while the fifth was used for the outer copy of the receipt, which was an abstract of the contents of the sealed-up tablets, for the purpose of avoiding the unnecessary breaking of the seals.

When the first two tablets had been securely fastened, and the seals placed over the ends of the threads, the outer tablet was added and the entire document of three parts was bound together and could be stored away with others of the same kind. The purpose of the receipt was indicated briefly on the edge of the frame, and the tablets were placed in the chest in such a way that the inscribed margin could be seen and read without drawing the document from its place.

The contents of these documents indicate that Iucundus carried on a commission business and likewise conducted auction sales. In the year 58 A.D. he gave himself exclusively to farming the taxes of the municipality. The receipts are, therefore, signed either by persons acting in a private capacity or by those designated for this service by officials of the municipal government.

The language of the receipts is markedly formulaic and varies only slightly, as is shown in the following examples:

"The sum of 520 sesterces (about $20), the price of a mule sold to M. Pomponius Nico, the freedman of M. Pomponius, which sum M. Cerrinius Euphrates is said to have received from L. Cæcilius Felix in accordance with the bargain made by the latter with the purchaser—all this amount as stated, M. Cerrinius Euphrates, freedman of M. Cerrinius, hereby declares he has received in cash from Philadelphus, slave

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of Cæcilius Felix. Done at Pompeii on the 5th day before the Kalends of June in the consulship of Drusus Cæsar and C. Norbanus Flaccus."

"On the 11th day before the Kalends of March in the duovirate of Sex. Pompeius Proculus and C. Cornelius Macer I Privatus, slave of the Municipality, hereby declare in writing that I have received from L. Cæcilius Iucundus the amount in arrears of 1652 sesterces as payment for one year of the rents of the laundries. Done at Pompeii in the third consulship of Nero Cæsar and the first of M. Messalla."

Although not indicated in the examples just given, the entire amount of money realised from the sale was not paid over by the coactor, for he would first deduct one per cent. for himself and also the tax of one per cent. on goods sold or four per cent. when slaves were the commodity. The phrase stating this deduction is "mercede minus"—that is, less the costs, or, as in one instance, "mercede quinquagesima minus"—that is, less the costs, amounting to two per cent.

The actual property is rarely stated. There are a few references to the sale of slaves, one to boxwood, another to linen.

The amounts of money obtained from the auctions vary from 38,079 sesterces ($1700) to 342 sesterces ($15).

According to the Roman custom, payments were made on the Kalends or Ides. It is noticeable that the coactor observes this rule himself, but allows the purchaser, as days of grace, a month or even nine months.

The municipal receipts are given to acknowledge the payment of rents collected from laundries or business stands in popular localities or from pasture lands. All of these municipal documents are signed by a slave of the municipality. The slave received the money, wrote the receipt and sealed the document, all, however, under the direction of the duoviri, one or both of whom place their seals on the fourth page.

It is a very gratifying fact that the period to which these tablets belong can be readily determined; for, like other business documents, they are regularly dated. One is dated in 15 A.D., another in 27, another may be assigned to 33 or 52, while all the rest belong to a period extending from 52 to 62 A.D. Because of these dates, it is the opinion of Mommsen that the earthquake which caused such devastation in Pompeii on the 5th of February 63 was responsible for the concealment of the chest, and not the eruption of 79, which finally destroyed the city.

James C. Egbert, Jr.

ALIEN

I would close mine eyes to the throng of the street,
My heart to the thud of the stone,
And wander back to the meadow-sweet,
Where young mint-stalks are sown;

To lie once more in the dreamful hush
Of grass blown soft by the breeze,
And hark, and hark the note of a thrush
And the whispering of the trees;

To tread the dewy, blossomy mead,
From the restless world apart,
And find once more those paths that lead
To the twilight time of the heart,

To the shadow of wind-blown clouds that pass,
To the scent of the clover lees—
Where the soul may rest in the balm of the grass
And the whispering of the trees—
Once more, the whispering of the trees!

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

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LITERARY PARIS

MORE than a passing notice is due here to the man whom thirty years ago we already called old Marty-Laveaux, and who has only just disappeared. He was an enthusiastic bookman, though no book of importance, unless his *Dictionnaire des Difficultés de la Langue Française* be called important, ever came from his pen. But he was an indefatigable and remarkably conscientious editor of the works of others. His chief services to literature were a beautiful edition of Rabelais issued years ago by Lemerre; and still more, his admirable edition of Pierre Corneille's complete works in Hachette's celebrated *Collection des Grands Ecrivains de la France.* Marty-Laveaux's *Corneille* is in the hands of every lover and student of French literature, and is a monument of patient and accurate elucidation.

Curiously enough, just before the passing away of the great editor a book appeared which must have caused his soul to rejoice, as it may be considered a superb addition to his most cherished labours. It is *La Querelle du Cid,* by Armand Gasté, one of the best living authorities on seventeenth-century literature. Armand Gasté hails from Normandy, like Corneille, which explains his great interest in everything that concerns the great tragic poet. He has managed to gather in the above-named book every document which may throw light on the history of the great literary quarrel which followed the appearance of Corneille's first great work, and has made much clearer, for instance, the part played by Cardinal Richelieu in this interesting chapter of France's literary history. Some of his documents already appear in Marty-Laveaux's edition, but a good many had never been reprinted since their original appearance in 1637, and were believed to be entirely lost.

To two other dead men, who passed away quite a while ago, a joint monument has just been erected. I mean the two brothers, Joseph and Xavier de Maistre. I am afraid that to most American readers it will seem that I ought to have mentioned the latter first. I know of perhaps no other French writer held in high esteem in France, who has remained so completely unknown in America as Joseph de Maistre. And yet he is of the greatest. His brother, Xavier, is the author of some charming sketches, *Les Prisonniers du Caucase, La Jeune Sibérienne, Un Voyage Autour de ma Chambre,* etc., which have been read by nearly everybody and which have the advantage of being admirably adapted for class-room use in foreign countries. But Joseph has been one of the great intellectual forces in France during this closing century. His writings against the new order of things created by the French Revolution have been the storeroom from which the advocates of the past have drawn some of their most powerful weapons. He is, moreover, extremely original and ingenious in argument, and extraordinarily powerful in style and illustration. Some of the pages of his *Soirées de Saint Pétersbourg,* of *Le Pape,* of his *Considérations sur la France,* such as the opening of the last-named work, have become classical. Although a great thinker, he was apt to allow himself to be carried a good deal too far by his passion, as, for instance, in his celebrated prediction relating to the city of Washington, which was just being planned while he was writing his *Considérations.* He offered to bet, first, that it would never be built; second, that if built it would not be called Washington; third, that if called Washington it would never be the sitting

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place of the national Congress! He had, moreover, no faith whatever in the future of the United States. But he was a great writer all the same, and deserved the honour paid to him.

Neither he nor his brother, moreover, considered themselves Frenchmen. They were born in Savoy, when Savoy was ruled by its native dynasty, and the temporary union of Savoy with France for about twenty years during their lifetime represented in their eyes the triumph of what they hated most—namely, the French Revolution. Their fame to-day, however, entirely belongs to France, and theirs are, unless I am mistaken, the greatest names given by their native province to French literature.

I have to mention another dead man who ought to be living still—he passed away so young—poor Guy de Maupassant! His friends have thought that the time has come for the publication in book form of all the light sketches and narratives which he had allowed to remain buried in the files of newspapers and magazines, and also of a good deal of unpublished material. The first volume of this series, *Le Père Milon*, has just appeared. The admirers of the great short-story writer will find there many a sketch which was afterward developed into a longer narrative.

By the way, *Le Père Milon* is the first book of importance issued by Ollendorff, Maupassant's publisher, since his moving from the old quarters where his bookstore was originally established, in the Rue de Richelieu, to the luxurious emporium he has just opened in the Chaussée d'Antin. He moves from the neighbourhood of the Théâtre Française to the neighbourhood of the Opéra.

From living writers I have not many books to mention this month. It is the *morte saison* of literature. Novelists especially take good care that their productions shall come out before the beginning of the summer outing, and what appears during the hot months is merely an aftermath. The literary drought has, moreover, been even more severe than usual this year. I hardly need say that the reason for this phenomenon is simply the interminable *Affaire*. Parisians of both sexes, all French people moreover, are expected to get all their literary pabulum from the reports of the court-martial at Rennes; the newspaper gives them so much that no time is left for the book. So from the bookman's point of view, too, it is to be hoped that France may be restored soon to her normal condition.

Among the bold men who dared to tempt the public even through this overheated period I must mention the versatile Catulle Mendès. He presents us with a volume which he simply calls *Farces*. And farces they are—pure nonsense! Pure? Well, hardly so. The book is from Mendès, you know, and therefore, perhaps, not exactly the thing for a young lady's library table.

From the very opposite end of the literary domain comes another production, which we owe to Senator Joseph Fabre. It is a wonderful rendering of the Old French epic, *La Chanson de Roland*, which is appearing serially in the *Revue Bleue*. A number of attempts have been made so to modernise the great Carolingian poem to make its themes as popular among the mass of French readers as the Nibelungen narratives are among the Germans, and never successfully. I mentioned a new rendering a few months ago, due to one of the truest poets France now possesses, Maurice Bouchor. I must say that Senator Fabre's version seems to me so far to surpass all other ones that I consider him as having at last solved the long vexed problem. He calls his version a prose one, but as he reproduces in his prose the rhythm of the original, which is written in decasyllabic lines, with the cesura after the fourth syllable, it had better be called blank verse. I have never seen a rendering of the *Chanson de Roland* which kept so close to the original and yet contained so little that is jarring to the modern ear. The more honour is due to Senator Fabre in that his purpose was not to achieve literary fame. His interest in the *Chanson de Roland* springs from the same source as his enthusiasm for Joan of Arc. His inspirations are all due to the highest form of patriotism.

The readers of D'Annunzio's celebrated novel *L'Innocente* undoubtedly remember the part played in the narrative by allusions to a supposititious novel, *The Ivory Tower*, based upon the characteristics of the heroine, Giuliana. A young

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French writer, Mr. Ernest Raynaud, has seen in the situation a good starting-point for a new novel, and has just published it under the title of *La Tour d'Ivoire.*

As usual, we have a goodly little crop of works of historical and literary investigation. I fancy that to the general reader the most interesting will be *Françoise d'Aubigné,* by Henri Gélin. Françoise d' Aubigné, as is well known, was the maiden name of the celebrated Madame de Maintenon, and there is still enough interest manifested in Louis XIV.'s morganatic wife to render attractive to many readers a book that deals with the years of her youth.

Another royal favourite has just been studied as he had never been before. We have a very interesting picture of the first Duc Décazes, Louis XVIII.'s young minister, presented to us by the indefatigable Ernest Daudet in his *Louis XVIII. et le Duc Décazes.* I think this book will seriously improve its author's chances of an election to the French Academy.

To those who are attracted by the literary and humanistic side of the Renaissance I recommend a remarkable doctor's thesis, by Mr. L. Clément, on *Henri Estienne et son Oeuvre Française.* The Greek labours of the celebrated printer have been often sympathetically studied, but his services to the French language, especially the publication of his *Précellence du Langage Françoys,* has, perhaps, been thus far rather underestimated. Mr. Clément does them full justice.

The 14th of July has given the French Government occasion to honour two literary men. One is Edmond Harancourt, the adapter of Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice,* who was made an officer of the Legion of Honour. The other, who was made a Knight of the same order, appears on the presidential decree as M. Jean Robin, of the Ministry of Marine. In the literary world M. Jean Robin is known as Gann Nibor, and his sketches of sailor's life are among the best in the French language.

A curious discovery has just been made, which places among bookmen the German Ambassador to Paris, Count von Münster, recently created Prince Berneburg. He published when young a book, the German title of which I translate: *Good Cuisine for Everybody, Rich and Poor, Healthy and Sick.* Not a bad preparation for an ambassadorship to Paris! *Adolphe Cohn.*

THE CITY'S HEART

Where crowded cars rush clanging by,
  And withered leaves float slowly down,
Awhile on dusty grass to lie,
  Fair summer passes from the town.

Tall, vacant houses round the square,
  Bleak tide marks, tell of ebbing life;
And human flotsam gathers there
  Scant respite from the hopeless strife.

Across the waning afternoon
  There comes a baby's joyous cry,
And children laugh, while mothers croon
  The song of life that cannot die.

John Curtis Underwood.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

I.

The following inquiry comes to us from Portsmouth, New Hampshire:

There seems to be a good deal of confusion as to the proper form of the name of one of our new possessions, some persons writing it "Puerto Rico," and others "Porto Rico." Which is preferable, and why?

"Puerto Rico" is, of course, the correct Spanish form, while "Porto Rico" has always been the generally accepted name of the island in English. We see no good reason for this sudden anxiety to adopt the Spanish form, and for departing from the traditional English usage in this one single instance. It will be time enough to write "Puerto Rico" when we begin describing Havana as "Habana," Vienna as "Wien," Copenhagen as "Kjöbenhavn," Florence as "Firenzi," and Leghorn as "Livorno."

II.

A subscriber in Morristown, New Jersey, puts some questions to us which we cannot very well discuss without printing a part of his preliminary observations. This is the way in which he begins his letter:

I am not the least bit interested in literature, and yet I never fail to glance through the pages of THE BOOKMAN. I do this in the hope of chancing upon some of your comments on subjects that are not literary, such as political questions, religious questions and criticisms on public men in this country and abroad. What you say about these things always interests me intensely, and I wish you would give us more of it. What I like is the perfect impartiality of your attitude. For instance, I have never been able to make out whether your politics are Democratic or Republican, and I don't care; for you write as though you were setting down a part of the verdict of posterity.

Then the writer goes on to ask us to give an expression of opinion as to various topics of the day, among them the policy of expansion, the question of the Philippines, the result of the Peace Conference, the Dreyfus Case, and one or two other matters equally contemporaneous and comprehensive. We feel very much flattered by the request, and we assuredly have very definite opinions on all these subjects; yet we cannot always set them forth at length in the pages of THE BOOKMAN, except now and then when some one obligingly publishes a book which enables us to say anything that we like under the pretence of writing a review.

III.

In the last Letter Box, at the request of a Washington correspondent, we arranged the names of six great novelists in what we regarded as the order of their relative merit. In so doing, we placed Dumas before Hugo; and now some one has written to ask us to defend this arrangement. He can scarcely expect us here to go into a critical analysis of the two writers. Let us simply quote something that Dumas said about himself in speaking of his dramatic works; for it gives a clue to our preference for him over Hugo: "All I needed was four trestles, four boards, two actors, and a passion." Now, this is even truer of his fiction. All that he needed was a group of characters and some sort of a story, and then he could grip the reader's attention and fascinate him and thrill him and overwhelm him and hold him absolutely under the spell. Dumas was, as Michelet expressed it, "a force of nature," intensely real, vital and powerful. Victor Hugo, on the other hand, outside of his poetry, is thoroughly artificial, laboured, pompous and inordinately egotistical. He is dependent on all sorts of stage-properties for even his literary effects; and although he does produce, at times, effects of great impressiveness, they are invariably suggestive of lime-light and mock thunder

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and decorative scenery. He is, in other words, more stagey than dramatic. This is why we think that Dumas is superior to Hugo. It is only a personal opinion, of course, and our correspondent, after reading widely in both the authors mentioned, will take it for what it appears to him to be worth.

IV.

Another reader of our magazine, who seems to enjoy having things tabulated for him, wishes us to arrange in the order of their literary merit, so far as we understand it, the names of several contemporary novelists. We regret that with this request we are unable to comply; in the first place, because this sort of thing is rather invidious in the case of living writers; and, in the second place, because of the works of two or three of the gentlemen mentioned, we must confess that we have never read a single line, and what is more, we never expect to.

V.

Every little while, some one writes us a fleering letter to ask whether we make a practice of printing only such questions as we can answer, and of ignoring all the rest. To show that such is not the case, we make room for the following:

In an article which I was glancing over a few days ago, the writer remarked that the phrase "a personal devil" was first (derisively) used by Professor Clifford. Can THE BOOKMAN tell us if this is true, or whether the expression does not antedate the era of Advanced Thought, and had no special origin?

A READER.

This is a matter as to which we are in a state of profound ignorance. To tell the truth, we have never spent much time thinking up points about the devil, anyhow.

VI.

A lady in Berwyn, Pennsylvania, who signs her name, says that she and two other readers of the Letter Box have some questions to ask, but that they shrink from asking them because they are afraid that our answers will be full of sarcasm; and she wants to know whether we can't use a little tact and say things in a kind way.

We know you are often tried with the stupidest kind of questions, and perhaps this will surpass them all; but, nevertheless, we should like to know if THE BOOKMAN invites correspondents to promote a feeling of friendliness between itself and its readers as well as Enlightenment, or is the Letter-Box simply a school for fencing? Now, dear BOOKMAN, if you consider this letter at all, please in your reply give us at least just one little human touch, which even you know so well how to appreciate.

Then she tells us that we have her "best wishes and kind thoughts." After this there is nothing left for us to do but to promise faithfully that if she will send us her questions we will answer them with the utmost tact and seriousness, and with all the respect in the world. Of course, we are anxious to promote a feeling of friendliness between ourselves and our readers, and we had fancied until now that we had been more or less successful in doing so; for a little verbal fencing, now and then, carried on with entire good humour, is perhaps as conducive to friendliness as anything else of which we know. Now we shall expect some questions by return mail from Berwyn, Pennsylvania.

VII.

The following letter comes to us from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, in a lady's handwriting:

Editors of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIRS: In the February number of THE BOOKMAN you mention that Mrs. Voynich was born in Ireland "some thirty-three years ago."

I am somewhat curious to know how many years ago that means. A FREAK.

We are a little in doubt as to whether this note is to be regarded as containing a veiled criticism of the form of expression which we employed, or whether the writer is a painfully exact and literal person who, even in a statement involving a lady's age, objects to anything that savours of obscurity. If the former supposition be correct, we would reply that "some thirty-three years ago" is an admissibly colloquial expression for "about thirty-three years ago." If the second hypothoesis be true, then we must refer our correspondent to Mrs. Voynich herself, who is now in New York and who may be addressed in the care of her publishers.

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VIII.

A gentleman in Tacoma writes to inquire whether there is any English translation of Balzac that is complete and unexpurgated. We reply that there is only one such translation, and that is the translation in fifty-one volumes, published by Messrs. George Barrie and Son of Philadelphia.

IX.

We have a three-page letter from a lady in Grand Rapids, Michigan. In addition to some comments of a general nature, it contains two questions:

1. Why do people feel at liberty to criticise you so freely?

Because they like to.

2. Why do you so cordially respond?

Because we like to.

X.

A lady writing from Springfield, Massachusetts, criticises the writer of our regular monthly article entitled "Literary Paris," for having used the phrase "It goes without saying." She says that this is a Gallicism. Well, as the writer in question is a Frenchman, we think that it would be rather illiberal not to allow him the comfort of an occasional Gallicism if he wants it; but as a matter of fact, the expression has by this time become pretty well naturalised in English.

XI.

The following letter, from a physician in Baltimore, requires no answer, but is interesting enough to deserve publication:

In the February BOOKMAN you allude to the parallel between Rudyard Kipling's "Explanation" and Flecknoes's "Fable." Have you ever noticed that between Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes and Edgar Allan Poe's Monsieur Dupin? Both were house-mates, if not room-mates, of the respective writers. Both won success through their peculiar powers of analysis. Both were consultant detectives, so to speak, and had the same contempt for the regular detective force and for newspaper men in general. When M. Dupin had eliminated by exclusion all the familiar nationalities in the "Murders in the Rue Morgue," he drew out his convenient copy of Cuvier and read a description of the ourang-outang, and left no doubt in the mind of his listener as to the author of the crime. When Sherlock Holmes had excluded all races known to his listener, he took down a volume of his cyclopedia and read a description of the savages of the Andaman Islands, and his listener knew at once who was the accomplice of the one-legged man in the murder of Major Sholto.

And by the way, there is something of a parallel between the one-legged man in the "Sign of the Four" and the one-legged man in Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island*. In both there are a hidden treasure, a diagram, a contract and a sign. In one the sign is the "black spot," in the other it is the "Sign of the Four." The same terror of a one-legged man that was exhibited by the Captain at the Benbow Inn was exhibited by Major Sholto at his home. When the Captain at the Benbow died, the sign of the "black spot" had been served on him; when Major Sholto died, the "Sign of the Four" was found on his person.

There are many other points of resemblance, and I should like to know what others, better informed than myself, think of it.

XII.

The lady in Sierra Madre, California, who writes a beautiful English hand, and who from time to time favours us with a letter, has once more written us. The following paragraph from her letter is especially intended for the Letter-Box:

In Professor Peck's *Trimalchio's Dinner*, one of the illustrations is described as "A Barber-Shop." Why not "A Barber's Shop"? Many times lately I have noticed the use of this form in literature (mostly, fortunately, ephemeral) a barber-shop, a butcher-shop, and the like. If a candy-shop is a place where candy is sold, a barber-shop is a place where barbers are sold, and a butcher-shop a selling-place for butchers. If you tell me that it is an idiom, I shall reply that it is a barbarous one.

We are obliged to reply that all this argument is entirely logical; in fact, it is too logical to be convincing, for language is neither built nor augmented in a strictly logical way. "Barber-shop" is certainly an idiom, but the lady in Sierra Madre who writes a beautiful English hand is quite at liberty to regard it as a barbarous one.

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XIII.

"A Western Reader" objects to a passage from THE BOOKMAN:

One cannot read this book through without great admiration for its talent.

May a book itself, asks A Western Reader, be said to possess talent? Yes, we think so, just as it may be said to have life or power or fascination, or any other quality which its author has put into it. The same correspondent objects to an expression of ours, "grotesque inaccuracy," and asks, "Does not such extravagance impoverish our words?" That depends on how inaccurate the inaccuracy was. If it was so inaccurate as to be grotesque, then it was properly so described. Obviously, language is never vulgarised nor impoverished by proper use, but only by abuse.

XIV.

We have received a personal letter signed "Petronius," and we take this opportunity of acknowledging its receipt and of expressing our hope that the writer of it will again communicate with us, as he has expressed a willingness to do. We should be glad also if he would indicate some means by which a personal letter might be sent to him in reply.

XV.

Miss Carolyn Wells has written to thank us for our recent efforts on her behalf in the direction of obtaining a suitable word to describe a bit of verse that is something less than a poem. Her letter, as she informs us, is not for publication, and, therefore, we are unable to divulge her opinion of each of the suggestions made by our various friends and correspondents; but it may interest them to know that Miss Wells prefers the suggestion made by a physician in Denver that such a bit of verse be described as a "coghlan." Since the time when we published the different letters that have reached us on this subject we have received another, the tardiness of whose arrival may be pardoned, inasmuch as the sender of it writes from Shanghai, China.

If "jingle" is too childish,
And "poem" is too set,
Pray tell me what objection
There is to "poemette"?

And here is still another belated solution which is distinctly clever and of which the author is a member of the editorial staff of *The Commercial Tribune* of Cincinnati, Ohio:

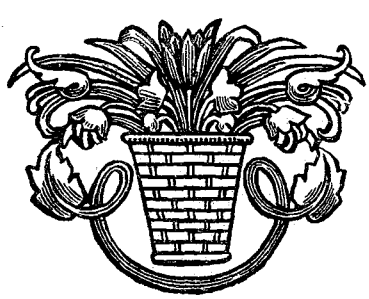
DEAR BOOKMAN:

Since she—who seeks a brand-new word
For rhymes that better are than verse—
Writes daintily that very sort
(While others often do much worse),
Why not tag each one with this sign:
"Herewith please find a Carol-line"?

XVI.

A lady who lives in St. Paul, Minnesota, has been reading something that we wrote a while ago for another magazine. She doesn't like it, and she has sent us a letter of three large pages to say so. As this matter does not concern THE BOOKMAN, we cannot discuss it here; but we don't mind printing the last sentence of her letter just to show what a fine trajectory frankness permeates her utterances.

As for us women—we think you would look best as the target of a gun-club.



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JANICE MEREDITH*

A Story of the Revolution

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD

Author of "THE HONOURABLE PETER STIRLING," etc., etc.

XXVIII.

BETWIXT MILLSTONES.

The reunion of the Meredithes was so joyful a one that little thought was taken of the course of public events. Nor were they now, in a position to easily learn of them. Philemon and his squadron had hastened to rejoin at the first news of the British reverses, the farm servants and the overseer had one by one taken advantage of the anarchy of the last eight months to secretly desert, or boldly enlist, the squire's gout prevented his going abroad, and the quiet was too great a boon to both Mrs. Meredith and Janice to make them wish for anything but its continuance.

If there was peace at Greenwood, it was more than could be said for the rest of the land. The Continental success at Princeton, small though it was in degree, worked as a leaven, and excited a ferment throughout the State. Every Whig whom the British successes had for a moment made faint-hearted, every farmer whose crops or stock had been seized, every householder on whom troops had been quartered, even Joe Bagby and the Invincibles, took guns from their hiding-places and, forming themselves into parties, joined Washington's army in the Jersey hills about Morristown, or, acting on their own account, boldly engaged the British detachments and stragglers wherever they were encountered. Withdrawn as the Meredithes might be, the principal achievements were too important not to finally reach them, and by infinite filtration they heard of how the Waldeckers had been attacked at Springfield and put to flight, how the British had abandoned Hackensack and Newark without waiting for the assaults, and how at Elizabethtown they had been surprised and captured. Less than a month from the time that the royal army had practically held the Jerseys, it was reduced to the mere possession of Brunswick, Amboy and Paulus Hook, and every picket or foraging party sent out from these points was almost certain of a skirmish.

It was this state of semi-blockade which gave the Meredithes their next taste of war's alarums. Late in February a company of foot, and a half troop of horse, with a few wagons, made their appearance on the river road, and halted opposite the gate of Greenwood. Painful as was the squire's foot, this sight was sufficient to make him bear the agony of putting it to the ground, and bring him limping to the door.

"How now! For what are ye come?" he shouted at a detachment which was already filing through the gate.

At the call two officers, who had been seemingly engaged in a discussion, rode toward the porch, and the moment they were within speaking distance one of them began an explanation.

"I was just a-telling Captain Plunkett that we'd done a mighty bad stroke this morning, but that this 'ud be a worse one, for—"

"Why, it's Phil!" cheerfully exclaimed Mr. Meredith. "Welcome, lad, and all the more that I feared 'twas another call the thieving Whigs were about to pay my cribs and barn. Where hast thou been, lad? But, rather, in with ye and your friend," he said, interrupting his own question, as the other officer approached, "and tell your errand over a bottle where there's more warmth."

"It's such a mighty sorry errand, squire," replied Philemon, with evident reluctance, and reddening, "that it won't take many words ter tell. We wuz sent out yestere'en toward Somerset Court House, a-foraging, and this morning as we wuz returning we wuz set upon by the rebels."

"Devil burn it!" muttered the captain, "what do you call such mode of warfare? At Millstone ford, where they attacked us, they scattered like sheep as we deployed for a charge. But the moment we were on the march in column, ping, ping, ping from every bit of cover, front, flank and rear, and each bullet with a billet at that, no matter what the distance. Not till we reached Bound Brook did their stinging fire cease."

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"And 'stead of bringing into Brunswick forty carts of food and forage, and a swipe of cattle," groaned Philemon, "we has only four wagon-loads of wounded ter show for our raid."

"With the post nigh to short commons," went on Plunkett. "Therefore, Mr. Meredith, we are put to the necessity of taking a look at your barn and granaries."

"What!" roared the squire incredulously, yet with a wrath in his voice that went far to show that conviction rather than disbelief was his true state of mind. "'Tis impossible that British regulars will thieve like the rebels."

Both the officers flushed, and Philemon began a faltering explanation and self-exculpation, but he was cut short by his superior saying sharply: "Tush, sir, such language will not make us deal the more gently with your cribs; so, if you'd save something, mend your speech."

"I done my best, squire," groaned Philemon, "ter dissuade Captain Plunkett, but General Grant's orders wuz not ter come back without a train."

"Then at least ye'll have the grace to pay for what ye take? Ye'll be no worse than the rebel, that I'll lay to."

"Ay, and so we should, could we pay in the same worthless brown paper. In truth, sir, 'twas General Howe's and Commissary Evatt's orders that nothing that we seize was to be paid for, so if thou hast a quarrel 'tis with those whom Mr. Hennion says are thy good friends. Here's a chance, therefore, to exhibit the loyalty which the lieutenant has been dinging into my ears for the last half-mile."

"Belza burn the lot of ye!" was the squire's prompt expression of his loyalty.

Neither protests nor curses served, however, to turn the marauders from their purpose. Once again the outbuildings and storerooms of Greenwood were ransacked and swept clear of their goodly plenty, and once again, as if to deepen the sense of injury, the stable was made to furnish the means with which the robbery was to be completed.

While the troops were still scattered and occupied in piling the loot upon the sleighs and sledges, a volley of something more potent than the squire's oaths and objurgations interrupted them. From behind the garden hedgerow of box came a discharge of guns, and a dozen of the foraging party, including both the captain and the lieutenant of foot, fell. A moment of wild confusion followed, some of the British rushing to where the troopers' steeds were standing, and, throwing themselves into the saddles, found safety in flight, while the rest sought shelter in the big barn. Here Lieutenant Hennion succeeded in rallying them into some order, but it was to find that numbers of the infantry had left their muskets, and that many of the light horse were without their sabres, both having been laid aside to expedite the work.

Not daring offensive operations with such a force, the young officer, aided by the one subaltern, made the best disposition possible for defence, trusting to hold the building until the fugitives should return with aid from Brunswick. Those who had their muskets were stationed at the few windows, while the dragoons with drawn swords were grouped about the door, ready to resist an attack.

The Jersey militia had too often experienced the effectiveness of British bayonets and sabres to care to face them, and so they continued behind the hedge, and coolly reloaded their guns. Yet they, as well as their opponents, understood that time was fighting against them, and as soon as it became obvious that those in the barn intended no sortie they assumed the initiative.

The first warning of this to the besieged was another volley, which sent bullets through the windows and the crack in the door, without doing the slightest injury. At the same moment four men, trailing their rifles, appeared from behind the hedge, and, scattering and dodging as they ran, made for the cow yard. Two of the infantry, who guarded the window that overlooked this movement, thrust out their muskets and fired; but neither of their shots told, for the moment they appeared two flashes came from the hedge, and one of the defenders, as his hand pressed the trigger, was struck in the forehead by a rifle ball, and, staggering sidewise, he clutched his comrade's gun, so that it sent its bullet skyward. Before new men could take their places the four runners had leaped the low fence and dashed across the yard to the shelter under the barn.

Knowing that they must be dislodged, the lieutenant commanded that the manure trap should be raised and a number of the dragoons drop down it, but no sooner had one started to swing himself through the opening than a gun cracked below, and the man, relaxing his hold, fell lifeless on his face. Another, not pausing to drop, jumped. He landed in a heap, but was on his feet in a flash, only to fall backward with a bullet through his lung. The rest hung back, unwilling to face such certain death, though their officers struck them with the flat of their swords.

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Another moment developed the object of the attack, for through the trap-door suddenly shone a red light, and with it came the sound of crackling fagots. A cry of terror broke from the British, and there was a wild rush for the door, which many hands joined in throwing open. As it rolled back a dozen guns spoke, and the seven exposed men fell in a confused heap at the opening—a lesson sharp enough to turn the rest to right about.

All pretence of discipline disappeared at once, the men ceasing to pay the slightest heed to their officers, and one, panic-stricken with fear, threw off his coat and, fairly tearing his shirt from his back, tied it to his bayonet and waved it through the door. Hennion, with an oath, sprang forward, caught the gun and wrenched it out of the fellow's hands, at the same moment stretching him flat with a blow in the neck, but as he did so one of the troopers behind him cut the officer down with his sabre. The subaltern of foot who rushed to help his superior was caught and held by two of the men, and the officers thus disposed of, the white flag was once more held through the doorway.

At the very instant that this was accomplished the fire below found some crevice in the flooring under the hay, and, in a trice, the mow burst into spitting and crackling flame. With the holder of the white flag at their head, the men dashed through the doorway, those with arms tossing them away, and most of them throwing themselves flat upon the ground, with the double purpose of signalling their surrender and of escaping the bullets that might greet their exit.

In a moment they were the centre of a hundred men, who but for their guns, might have been taken for a lot of farmers and field hands. One alone wore a military hat with a cockade, and it was he who demanded in a voice of self-importance:

"Have you surrendered, and where is your commanding officer?"

"Yes," shouted a dozen of the British, while the three men still holding the subaltern dragged him forward, without releasing their hold on his arms.

"Give up your sword, then," demanded the wearer of the cockade.

"I'll die first!" protested the young fellow—a lad of not over seventeen at most—still struggling with his soldiers. "You'll not see an officer coerced by his own men, sir," he sobbed, as another of the soldiers caught him by the wrist and twisted his sword from his hand.

"A mighty good lesson it is for your stinking British pride," was the retort of the militia officer, as he accepted the sword. "I guess you're the kind of man we've been looking for to make an example of. We'll teach you what murdering our generals and plundering our houses come to—eh, men?"

"Hooray fer Joe Bagby!" shouted one of the conquerors.

"Some of you tie the prisoners, except him, two and two, and start them down the road at double quick," ordered Captain Bagby. "Collect all the guns and sabres and throw them on the sledges. Look alive, there, for we've no time to lose. Well, squire, what do you want?" he demanded, as he turned and found the latter's hand on his sleeve.

"I've to thank ye for arriving in the nick o' time to save me from being plundered," said Mr. Meredith, speaking as if he were taking a dose of medicine. "Now can't ye set to and save my outbuildings from taking fire?"

"Harkee, squire," replied Joe, dropping his voice to a confidential pitch, while at the same time leading his interlocutor aside out of hearing. "We haven't been the best of friends down to now, but that isn't saying that we couldn't have been, if you'd been as far-seeing as me. The sledges and what they hold is our prize, captivated from the British in a fair fight, yet we'll get around that if you'll say the right word."

"And what's that?" queried the squire.

"I'm a rising man, and I'm going to go on rising," asserted the captain. "'Twon't be long before I'll be about what I please. Now I've had Miss Janice in my eye for a long spell, and, if you'll consent, the sledges are yours, and we'll do our prettiest to prevent the stable and cribs from catching."

For a moment Mr. Meredith stood with wide-open mouth, then he roared: "Damn your impudence, you—you—have my lass, you—" There all articulate speech ended, the speaker only spluttering in his wrath.

"Some of you fellows start those sleighs and sledges up the road!" shouted Bagby. "Now then, have you got that officer ready?"

"He ain't ready, but we is, cap," answered one of the little group about the prisoner.

"Up with him then!" ordered Bagby. "See-saw's the word; down goes Mercer, up goes a bloody-back."

At the command, half a dozen men pulled on a rope which had been passed over the bough of a tree, and the young subaltern was swung clear of the ground. He struggled so fiercely for a moment that the cords which bound his

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wrists parted and he was able to clutch the rope above his head in a desperate attempt to save himself. It was useless, for instantly two rifles were levelled and two bullets sent through him; his hands relaxing, he hung limply, save for a slight muscular quiver.

"If your friends, the British, come back, you can tell them that's only the beginning," Bagby told the squire. "And look out for yourself, or it's what will come to you. Now then, fellows, fall in," he called. "The line of retreat is to Somerset Court House, and you are to guard the prisoners and the provisions if you can, but scatter if attacked in force. March!"

The motley company, without pretence of order, set off on their long, weary night tramp through the snow. Behind them the flame of the barn, now towering sixty feet in the air, made the whole scene bright with colour, save where the swinging body of the lad threw a shifting shadow across a stretch of untrampled snow.

XXIX.

BLUES AND REDS.

As the squire still stood gloomily staring, now at the departing Whigs, now at the blazing barn, and now at his stable and other buildings, Clarion, who had taken a great interest in the last hour's doings, suddenly pricked up his ears and then ran forward to a snowdrift within a few yards of the burning building. Here he halted and gave vent to a series of loud yelps. Limping forward, the squire heard his name called in a faint voice, and the next instant discovered Philemon hidden in the snow.

"I'm bad hurt, squire," he groaned; "but I made out to crawl from the barn."

"Gadsbodikins!" exclaimed Mr. Meredith. "Why, Phil, I e'en forgot ye for the moment. Here's a pass, indeed. And none but women and a one-legged man to help ye, now you're found."

It took the whole household to carry Philemon indoors, and as it was impossible, in the squire's legless and horseless condition, to send for aid, Mrs. Meredith became the surgeon. The wound proved to be a shoulder cut, serious only from the loss of blood it had entailed, and after it was washed and bandaged the patient was put to bed. Daylight had come by the time this had been accomplished, and the squire was a little cheered to find that the snow on the roofs of his farm buildings had prevented the sparks of the barn from igniting them.

Two days elapsed before help came to the household, and then it was in the form of Harcourt's dragoons. From Tarleton it was learned that the fugitives, on their arrival at Brunswick, asserted that Washington's whole army had attacked them, and was in full advance upon the post; news which had kept the whole force under arms for twenty-four hours, and prevented any attempt to come to the assistance of the detachment. When the major learned that eighty picked troops had been killed or captured by a hundred raw militia, his language was more picturesque than quotable. There was nothing to be done, however, and after they had vowed retaliation for the subaltern, buried the dead, and the surgeon had looked at Phil's wound and approved of Mrs. Meredith's treatment, the regiment rode back to Brunswick.

This and other like experiences served to teach the English that it was not safe to send out foraging parties, and for a time active warfare practically ceased. The Continental forces, reduced at times to less than a thousand men, were not strong enough to attack the enemy's post, and the British, however much they might grumble over a fare of salt food, preferred it to fresher victuals, when too highly seasoned with rifle bullets.

The Merediths were somewhat better provided, Sukey's storerooms proving to have many an unransacked cupboard, while the farmers in the vicinity, however bare they had apparently been stripped, were able, when money was offered, to supply poultry, eggs, milk and many other comforts, which through lack of stock and labour Greenwood could no longer furnish.

His wound was therefore far from an ill to the lieutenant of horse, since it not merely relieved him from the stigma of the surrender, but saved him from the privation of the poor food and cramped quarters his fellow-troopers were enduring at Brunswick. Nor did he count as the least advantage the tendance that Janice, half by volition and half by compulsion. gave him. When at last he was able to come downstairs, the days were none too long as he sat and watched her nimble fingers sew, or embroider, or work at some other of her tasks.

One drawback there was to this joy. In spite of strict orders against straggling, many a red-coated officer risked punishment for disobedience, and capture by the enemy, by sneaking through the pickets and spending long

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hours at Greenwood. Though Phil's service had given him much more tongue and assurance than of yore, he was still unable to cope with them; and, conscious that he cut but a poor figure to the girl when they were present, he was at times jealous and quarrelsome.

Twice he laid his anxieties and desires before the squire, and begged for an immediate wedding, but that worthy was by no means as ready as once he had been; for while convinced of the eventual success of the British, he foresaw unsettled times in the immediate future, and knew that the marriage of his girl to an officer of the English army was a pretty serious step. Yet delay was all he wished, being too honest a man to even think of breaking faith with the young fellow; and finally one evening, when he had become genial over a due, or rather undue, amount of Madeira and punch, he was won over by Philemon's earnest persuasions, and declared that the wedding should take place before the British broke up their winter quarters and marched to Philadelphia.

The next morning the squire had no remembrance of his evening's pledge, but he did not seek to cry off from it when reminded by Philemon. Mrs. Meredith was called into conclave, and then Janice was summoned and told of the decision.

"And now, lass, thou hast got thyself and us into more than one scrape," ended the father, "so come and give thy dad a kiss to show that thou'rt cured of thy wrong-headedness and will do as thy mother and I wish."

Without a word Janice went to her father and kissed him; then she flung her arms about his neck, buried her head in his shoulder and burst into tears.

The squire had been quite prepared for the conduct of two years previous and had steeled himself to enforce obedience, but this contrary behaviour took him very much aback.

"Why, Jan," he expostulated. "That's no way to carry on when a likely young officer bespeaks ye in marriage. Many's the maid would give her left hand to—"

"But I don't love him," sobbed the girl.

"And who asked if you did, miss?" inquired her mother, who by dint of nursing Phil had become his strong partisan. "Dost mean to put thy silly whims above thy parents' judgments?"

"But you wouldn't do as your father wished, and married dadda," moaned Janice.

"A giddy, perverse child I was," retorted Mrs. Meredith, "and another art thou, to fling the misbehaviour in thy mother's face."

"Nay, nay, Patsy—" began the squire, but whether he was stepping forward in defence of his wife or his daughter he was not permitted to say, for Mrs. Meredith continued:

"We'll set the wedding for next Thursday, if that suits you, Philemon?"

"You can't name a day too soon for me, marm," assented Philemon eagerly; "and as I just hearn the sound of hoofs outside, 'tis likely some officers has arrived, and I'll speak ter them so's ter get word ter the chaplain, and ter my regiment. You needn't be afraid, Miss Janice, that 'twon't be done in high style. Like as not, General Grant will put the whole post under arms." In truth the lover was not at his ease, and was glad enough for an excuse which took him from the room. Nor was he less eager to announce his success to his comrades, hoping it would put an end to their attentions to his bride.

"Then ye'll do as I bid ye, Jan?" queried her father.

"Yes, dadda," Janice assented dutifully, while striving to stifle her sobs. "I—I've been a—a—wicked creature, I know, and now I'll do as you and mommy tell me."

If Philemon had been made uneasy by the girl's tears, her manner during the balance of the day did not tend to make him happier. Her sudden gravity and silence were so marked that his fellow-officers who had come to supper, and who did not know the true situation, rallied them both on Miss Meredith's loss of spirits.

"I' faith," declared Sir Frederick Mobray, moved perhaps by twinges of the little green monster, "but for the lieutenant's word I'd take my oath 'twas a funeral we were to attend, and issue orders for the casing of colours and muffling of drums. In the name of good humour, Mr. Meredith, have in the spirits, and I'll brew a punch that shall liquidate the gloom."

After one glass of the steaming drink, the ladies, as was the custom, rose to leave the room. At the door Janice was intercepted by Peg, with word that Sukey wished to advise with her anent some matter, so the maid did not follow her mother, but turned and entered the kitchen.

The cook was not in view, but as the girl realised the fact a cloaked man suddenly stepped from behind the chimney breast, and before the scream that rose to Janice's lips could escape a firm hand was laid on them. Yet, even in the moment of surprise, the girl was conscious that, press as the fingers might,

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there was still an element of caress in their touch.

"I seem doomed to fright you, Miss Meredith," said Brereton, "but, indeed, 'tis not intentional. Twice in the last week I've tried to gain speech of you without success, and so to-night have taken desperate means." He took his hand from her mouth. "This time I know myself safe in your hands. Ah, Miss Janice, wilt not forgive me the suspicion, for not one easy hour have I had since I knew how I had wronged you. I was sent to eastward with despatches to the New England governors, or nothing would have kept me from earlier seeking you to crave a pardon."

"You must not stay," protested Janice. "There are five—"

"I know it," interrupted Jack, "and if you'd not come to me, I'd have burst in on them rather than have my third ride futile."

"Oh, go, please go!" begged the girl.

"Say that you forgive me," pleaded the officer, catching her hands.

"Yes, yes, anything; only go," besought Janice, as a loud laugh from the dining-room warned her anew of the peril.

Jack stooped and kissed each hand in turn, but even as he did so one of the officers in the next room bawled:

"Here's a toast to Leftenant Hennion and his bride—hip, hip, hip, bumpers!"

Janice felt herself caught by both shoulders, with all the tenderness gone from the touch.

"What does that mean?" the aide demanded, his face very close to her own.

The girl, with bowed head, partly in shame, and partly to escape the blazing eyes which fairly burned her own, replied: "I am to marry Mr. Hennion next Thursday."

"Willingly?" burst from her questioner, as if the word were shot from a bomb.

"No."

"Then you'll do nothing of the kind," denied Brereton, with a sudden gaiety of voice. "My horse is hid in the woods by the river; but say the word, and you shall be under Lady Washington's protection at Morristown before daylight."

"And what then?" questioned the girl.

"Then? Why, a marriage with me the moment ye'll give me aye."

"But I care no more for you than I do for Mr. Hennion, and even—"

"But I'll make you love me," interrupted Jack ardently.

"And even if I did," concluded Janice, "you yourself helped to teach me what the world thinks of elopements."

"Ah, don't let—don't deny—"

"No, once for all; and release me, sir, I beg."

"Not till you swear to me that this accursed wedding is not to take place till Thursday."

"Of course not."

"And where is it to be?"

"At the church in Brunswick."

"And is the looby with his regiment or staying here?"

"Here."

Brereton laughed gaily, and more loudly than was prudent. "A bet and a marvel," he bantered: "a barleycorn to Miss Janice Meredith that the most bewitching creature in the world lacks a groom on her wedding day! I must not tarry, for 'tis thirty miles to Morristown, and three days is none too much time for what I would do. Farewell," Jack ended, once more catching her hands and kissing them. He hurriedly crossed the room, but as he laid hold of the latch he as suddenly turned and strode back to the maid. "Has he ever kissed you?" he demanded, with a savage scowl on his face.

"Never!" impulsively cried the girl, while the colour flooded into her cheeks.

"Bless him for a cold-blooded icicle," joyfully exclaimed the officer, and before Janice could realise his intention she was caught in his arms and fervently kissed. The next moment a door slammed, and he was gone, leaving the girl leaning for very want of breath against the chimney side, with redder cheeks than ever.

The colour still lingered the next morning to such an extent that it was commented upon by both her parents, who found in it proof that she was now reconciled to their wishes. Had they been closer observers they would have noticed that several times in the course of the day it waxed or waned without apparent reason, that their daughter was singularly restless, and that any sound out of doors caused her to start and listen. Not even the getting out and trying on of her wedding gown seemed to interest her. Yet nothing occurred to break the usual monotony of the life.

Her state of nervous expectancy on the second day was shown when the inevitable contingent of English officers arrived a little before dinner; for as they appeared without previous warning in the parlour door, Janice gave a scream, which startled Philemon, who was relying upon but two legs of his chair, into a pitch over backward, and brought the squire's gouty foot to the floor with a bump, and a wail of pain.

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"Body o' me!" ejaculated one of the newcomers. "Dost take us for Satan himself, that ye greet us so?"

"Tush, man," corrected Mobray. "Miss Meredith could not see under our cloaks, and so, no doubt, thought us rebels. Who wouldn't scream at the prospect of an attack of the Continental blue devils—eh, Miss Janice?"

"Better the blue devils," retorted Janice, "than a scarlet fever."

"Hah, hah!" laughed a fellow-officer. "'Twas you got us into that, Sir Frederick. Lieutenant Hennion, thy first task after tomorrow's ceremony is plain and clear. I would that I had the suppression of this rebellion, 'stead of one which fights us with direst cold and hunger, to say nothing of the scurvy and the putrid fever."

For the next few hours cold and hunger and disease were not in evidence, however, and it took little persuasion from the squire, who dearly loved jovial company, to induce the visitors to stay on to tea, and then to supper.

While they were enjoying the latter the interruption Janice had expected came at last. In the midst of the cheer, the hall door was swung back so quietly that no one observed it, and only when he who opened it spoke did those at table realise the new arrival. Then the sight of the blue uniform with buff facings brought every officer to his feet.

"I grieve to intrude upon so mirthful a company," apologised the new arrival, bowing. "But knowing of the unstinted hospitality of Greenwood, I made bold, Mrs. Meredith, to tell a friend that we could scarce fail of a welcome." Brereton turned to say, "This way, Harry, after thou'st hung thy cloak and hat," and entered the room.

"Odds my life!" burst out the baronet, as the second interloper, garbed in Continental dragoon uniform, entered, and bowed respectfully to the company. "What's to pay here?"

"But nay," went on Brereton. "I see your table is already filled, so we'll not inconvenience you by our intrusion. Perhaps, however, Miss Janice will fill us each a glass from yon bowl of punch. 'Tis a long ride to Morristown, and a stirrup cup will not be amiss. Yet stay again. Let me first puff off my friend to you. Ladies and gentlemen, Captain Henry Lee, better known as Light Horse Harry."

"May I perish, but this impudence passes belief!" gasped one of the officers. "Dost think thou'rt not prisoners?"

"Ho, Jack! I told thee thy hare-brainedness and love of adventure would get us into the suds yet," spoke up Lee. "Then the ninety light horse whom we left surrounding the house are thy troops?" he questioned, laughingly, of the four officers.

"Devil pick thy bones, the two of you!" swore Mobray. "Wast not enough that we should be so confoundedly gapped, but you must come with the bowl but half emptied. Hast thou no bowls for gentlemen and fellow-officers?"

"Fooh!" quizzed Brereton. "Pick up the bowl and down with it at a gulp, Fred. Never let it be said that an officer of the Welsh Fusileers made bones of a half-full—" There the speaker caught himself short, and suddenly turned his back on the table.

"Whom have we here?" demanded the baronet. "By Heavens, man, who'd think— Does Sir William know of—?"

"'Sdeath!" cried Jack, facing about, and meeting the questioner eye to eye. "Canst not hold thy tongue, man?" Then he went on, less excitedly: "I am Leftenant-Colonel John Brereton, aide-de-camp to his Excellency General Washington."

For a moment Sir Frederick stood speechless, then he held out his hand, saying: "And a good fellow, I doubt not, despite a bad trade. Fair lady," he continued after the handshake, "since we are doomed for the moment to be captives of some one other than thee, help to cheer us in the exchange by filling us each a parting glass. Come, changeling, canst give us one of thy old-time toasts?"

Brereton laughed, as he took a glass from the girl. "'Tis hardly possible, with ladies present, to fit thy taste, Fred. However, here goes: Honour, fame, love, and wealth may desert us, but thirst is eternal."

"Even in captivity, thank a kind providence," ejaculated one of the officers, as he set down his drained tumbler.

"Now, gentlemen, boots and saddles, an' it please you," suggested Lee politely.

"Thee'll not force a wounded man to take such exposure," protested Mrs. Meredith. "Lieutenant Hennion—"

Brereton carried on the speech: "Can drink punch, and study *divinity*. I'll warrant he's not so near to death's door but he can bear one-half the ride of our poor starved troopers and beasts."

"Farewell, Miss Janice," groaned the baronet, "'twas thy beauty baited this trap."

Jack lingered a moment after Lee and the prisoners had passed into the hallway.

"Can I have a moment's word with you apart, Miss Meredith?" he asked.

"Most certainly not," spoke up the squire,

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recovering from the dumbness into which the rapid occurrences of the last three minutes had reduced him. "If ye have aught to say to my lass out with it here."

"'Tis—'tis just a word of farewell."

"I like not thy farewells," said Janice, colouring.

"For once we agree, Miss Janice," replied the officer boldly, "and did it rest with me, there should never be another." He bowed, and went to the door. "Mr. Meredith," he said, "I've stolen a husband from your daughter. 'Tis a debt I am ready to pay on demand."

XXX.

BLACK AND WHITE.

How much the squire would have grieved over the capture of his almost son-in-law was never known, for events gave him no opportunity. Spring was now come, and with it the breaking up of winter quarters. The moment the roads were passable, the garrison of Brunswick, under the command of Cornwallis, marched up the Raritan to Bound Brook, forcing back into the Jersey hills a detachment of the Continental army. In turn Washington's whole force was moved to the support of his advance, but the British had fallen back once more to their old position. Early in June, Howe himself arrived at Brunswick, bringing with him heavy reinforcements, and first threatened a movement toward the Delaware, hoping to draw Washington from his position; but the latter, surmising that his opponent would never dare to jeopardise his communications, was not to be deceived. Disappointed in this, the British faced about quickly, and tried to surprise the Americans by a quick march upon their encampment, only to find them posted along a strong piece of ground, fully prepared for a conflict. Although the British outnumbered the Continentals almost twice over, the deadly shooting of the latter had been so often experienced that Howe dared not assault their position, and after a few days of futile waiting, his force once more fell back on Brunswick, crossed the Raritan to Amboy, and then were ferried across to Staten Island. Washington, by holding his force in a menacing position, without either marching or attacking, had saved not merely his army, but Philadelphia as well, and Howe learned that if the capital was to be captured it could not be by the direct march of his army across the Jerseys, but must be by the far slower way of conveying it by ships to the southward.

Before the campaign opened, Mr. Meredith had been loud and frequent in complaints over his lack of stock and labour with which to cultivate his farm. Had he been better situated, however, it is probable that his groans would have been multiplied fivefold, for he would have seen whatever he did rendered useless by this march and counter-march of belligerents. Thrice the tide of war rolled over Greenwood, and though there was not so much as a skirmish within hearing of the homestead, the effects were almost as serious to him and to his tenantry. When the British finally evacuated the Jerseys, scarce a fence was to be found standing in Middlesex County, having in the two months' manœuvring been taken for campfires, and the frames of many an outbuilding had been used for similar purposes.

The depleted larders of Greenwood, together with the small prospect of replenishing them from his own farm, drove the squire to the necessity of pressing his tenants for the half-yearly rentals. Whatever his needs, the attempt to collect them was thoroughly unwise; Mr. Meredith, as a fact, being in better fortune than many of his tenants, for they had seen their young crops ridden over, or used as pasture, by the cavalry of both sides, and were therefore not merely without means of paying rent, but were faced by actual want for their own families. The surliness or threats with which the squire's demands were met should have proven to him their impolicy; but if to the simple-minded master of Greenwood a debt was a debt and only a debt, he was quickly to learn that there are various ways of payment. No sooner had the Continental army followed Howe across the Raritan, and thus left the country-side to the government, or lack of government, of its own people, than the tenants united in a movement designed to secure what might legally be termed a stay of proceedings, and which possessed the unlegal advantage of being at once speedy and effective.

One night in July the deep sleep of the squire was interrupted by a heavy hand being laid on his shoulder, and ere he could blink himself into effective eyesight, he was none too politely informed by the spokesman of four masked men who had intruded into his conjugal chamber that he was wanted below. While still dazed, the squire was pulled, rather than helped, out of bed, and Mrs. Meredith, who tried to help him resist, was knocked senseless on the floor. Down the stairs and out of the house he was dragged, his progress being encouraged by such cheering remarks as,

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"We'll teach you what Toryism comes ter." "Where's them tools of old George you've been a-feeding, now?" "Want your rents, do you? Well, pay day's come."

On the lawn were a number of men similarly masked, grouped about a fire over which was already suspended the tell-tale pot. To this the squire was carried, his night-shirt roughly torn from his back, and while two held him, a coating of the hot tar was generously applied with a broom, amid screams of pain from the unfortunate, echoed in no minor key by Janice and the slave servants, all of whom had been wakened by the hubbub. Meantime, one of the law-breakers had returned to the house, and now reappeared with Mrs. Meredith's best feather-bed, which was hastily slashed open with knives and the squire ignominiously rolled in the feathers, transforming that worthy at once to an appearance akin to an ill-plucked fowl of mammoth proportions.

Although, as already noted, the fences had disappeared from the face of the land, with the same timeliness which had been shown in the production of the mattress a rail was now introduced upon the scene, and the miserable object having been hoisted thereon, four men lifted it to their shoulders. A slight delay ensued while the squire's ankles were tied together, and then, with the warning to him that, "If yer don't sit right and hold tight, ye'll enjoy yer ride with yer head down and yer toes up," the men started off at a trot down the road. Sharing the burden by turns, the squire was carried to Brunswick, where, daylight having come, he was borne triumphantly twice round the green, amid hoots and yells from a steadily growing procession, and then was finally ferried across the river and dumped on the opposite bank with the warning from the spokesman that worse would come to him if he so much as dared show his face again within the county.

Lack of apparel and an endeavour to revive Mrs. Meredith had kept Janice within doors during the actual tarring and feathering, but so soon as the persecutors set off for Brunswick, the girl left her now conscious though still dizzy mother, hastily dressed, and started in pursuit, the alarm for her father quite overcoming her dread of the masked rioters. Try her best, they had too long a start to be overtaken, and when she reached the village it was to learn from a woman to whom she appealed for information what Mr. Meredith's fate had been. Still suffering the keenest anxiety, the girl went to the ferryman's house, and begged to be rowed across the river, but he shook his head.

"Cap' Bagby's assoomed command, ontil we gits resottled, an' his orders wuz thet no one wuz ter be ferried onless they hez a pass; so, ef ye're set on followin' yer dad, it's him yer must see. I guess he ain't far from the tavern."

This proved a correct inference, for Joe, glass in hand, was sitting on a bench near the doorway, watching and quizzing the publican as that weather-cock laboured to unscrew the rings which suspended his sign in the air.

"Whose name are you going to paint in this time, Si?" he questioned, as the girl came within hearing.

The tavern-keeper, having freed the sign-board from the support, descended with it. "This 'ere tavern's got ter get along without no sign," he said, as he mopped his brow. "I'm just wore out talkin' first on one side o' my mouth, and next on t'other."

"You ain't tired, I guess, of lining first one pocket and then the other?" surmised Bagby.

" 'Tain't fer you to throw that in my teeth," retorted the publican. "It's little money o' yours has got inter my pocket, Joe, often as yer treat yerself and the rest."

Janice went up to the captain. "Mr. Bagby, I want to go across the river to my father, and"—so far she spoke steadily, her head held proudly erect, but then, worn out with the anxiety, the fatigue, and the heat, her self-control suddenly deserted and she collapsed on the bench and began to sob.

"Now, miss," expostulated Bagby, "there isn't any call to take on so." He took the girl's hand in his own. "Here, take some of my swizzle. 'Twill set you right up."

Before the words had passed his lips, Janice had jerked her hand away and was on her feet. "Don't you dare touch me," she said, her eyes flashing.

"I was only trying to comfort you," asserted Joe, while the tavern loungers gave vent to various degrees of laughter.

"Then let me go to my father."

"Can't for a moment," answered Bagby, angrily. "He's shown himself inimical to his country, and we mustn't on no account allow communications with the enemy. That's the rule as laid down in the general orders, and in a Congress resolution."

Bagby's voice, quite as much as his words, told the girl that argument was useless, and without further parley she walked away. She had not gone ten paces when the publican overtook her and asked:

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"Say, miss, where be you a-goin'?"

"Home," answered Janice.

"Then you come back and rest a bit in the settin' room, and I'll have my boy hitch up an' take you thar. 'Tis a mortal warm day, an' I calkerlate you've walked your stent." He put his hand kindly on her arm, and the girl obediently turned about and entered the tavern.

"You are very kind," she said, huskily.

"That's all right," he replied. "The squire's done me a turn now and agin, and then quality's quality, though 'tain't for the moment havin' its way."

While she awaited the harnessing, Bagby came into the room.

"I wanted to say something to you, miss, but I guessed it might fluster you with all the boys about," he said. "Did the squire tell you what I suggested to him the night we captivated the lobsters in your barn?"

"No," Janice replied, coldly.

"Well, perhaps he would have, if he could have seen forward a little further. It's being far-seeing that wins, miss." The speaker paused, as if he expected a response, but getting none, he continued: "Would you like to see him home, and everything quiet and easy again?"

"Oh!" said the girl, starting to her feet. "I'd give anything if—"

"Now we're talking," interjected the Captain quite as eagerly. "Only say that you'll be Mrs. Bagby, and back he is before sundown, and I'll see to it that he isn't troubled no more."

Janice had stepped forward impulsively, but she shrank back at his words as if he had struck her; then without a word she walked from the room, went to where the cart was being got ready, and rested a trembling hand upon it, as if in need of support, while her swift breathing bespoke the intensity of her emotion.

At Greenwood she found her mother still suffering from the fright and the blow too much to allow the girl to tell her own troubles, or to ask counsel for the future, and the occupation of trying to make the sufferer more comfortable was in fact a good diversion, exhausted though she was with her fruitless journey.

Before Mrs. Meredith was entirely recovered, or any news of the squire had reached the household, new trouble was upon them. Captain Bagby and two other men drove up the third morning after the incursion, and, without going through the form of knocking, came into the parlour.

"You'll get ready straight off to go to Philadelphia," the officer announced.

"For what?" demanded Mrs. Meredith.

"The Congress' orders is that any one guilty of seeking to communicate with the enemy is to be put under arrest, and sent to Philadelphia to be examined."

"But we haven't made the slightest attempt, nor so much as thought of it," protested the matron.

"Oh, no!" sneered Joe; "but, all the same, we intercepted a letter last night written to you by your old Tory husband, and—"

"Oh, prithee," broke in Janice, without a thought of anything but her father, "was he well, and where is he?"

"He was smarting a bit when he wrote," Bagby remarked with evident enjoyment, "but he's got safe to his friends on Staten Island, so we arn't going to let you stay where you can be sneaking news to the British through him. I'll give you just half an hour to pack, and if you arn't done then, off you goes."

Protests and pleadings were wholly useless, though Joe yielded so far as to suggestively remark in an aside to the girl that "there was one way that you know of for fixing this thing." Getting together what they could in the brief time accorded to them, and with vague directions to Peg and Sukey as to the care of all they were forced to leave behind, the two women took their places in the wagon, and, with only one man to drive them, set out for their enforced destination.

How little of public welfare and how much of private spite there was in their arrest was proven upon their arrival the following day in the city of brotherly love. The escort, or captor, first took them to the headquarters of the general in command of the Continental forces of the town, only to find that he was inspecting the forts down the Delaware. Leaving the papers, he took his charges to the Indian King Tavern, and after telling them that they'd hear from the General "like as not to-morrow," he departed on his return to Brunswick.

Whether the papers were mislaid by the orderly to whom they had been delivered, or were examined and deemed too trivial for attention, or, as is most probable, were prevented consideration by greater events, no word came from headquarters the next day, or for many following ones. Nor could the initiative come from the captives, for Mrs. Meredith sickened the second day after their arrival, and developed a high fever on the third, which the physician who was called in declared to be what was then termed putrid

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fever—a disease to which some three hundred of the English and Hessian soldiery at Brunswick had fallen victims during the winter. Under his advice, and without hindrance from the innkeeper, who took good care to forget that he was to "keep tight hold on the prisoners till the General sends for 'em," she was removed to quieter lodgings on Chestnut Street.

The nursing, the anxiety, and the isolation all served to make public events of no moment to Janice, though from the doctor or her loquacious landlady she heard of how Burgoyne's force, advancing from Canada, had captured Ticonderoga, and of how Sir William had put the flower of his army on board of transports and gone to sea, his destination thus becoming a sort of national conundrum, affording infinite opportunity for the wiseacres of the taverns.

Mrs. Meredith, for the sake of the quiet, had been put in the back room, the daughter taking that on the street, and this arrangement, as it proved, was a fortunate one. Late in August, after a hard all-night's tending of her mother, Janice was relieved, once the sun was up, by the daughter of the lodging-house keeper, and wearily sought her chamber, with nothing but sleep in her thoughts, if thoughts she had at all, for, too exhausted to undress, she threw herself upon the bed. Scarcely was her head resting on the pillow when there came from down the street the ruffle of drums and the squeaks of fifes, and half in fright and half in curiosity, the girl sprang up and pushed open her blinds.

Toward the river she could see what looked like an approaching mob, but behind them could be distinguished horsemen. As she stood the rabble ran, or pattered, or, keeping step to the music, marched by, followed by a drum-and-fife corps. After them came the horsemen, and the girl's tired eyes suddenly sparkled, and her pale face glowed, as she recognised, pre-eminent among them, the tall, soldierly figure of Washington, sitting Blueskin with such ease, grace and dignity. He was talking to an odd, foreign-looking officer of extremely youthful appearance—whom, if Janice had been better in touch with the gossip of the day, she would have known to be the Marquis de Lafayette, just appointed by Congress a major-general—and though the commander-in-chief bowed, and removed his hat in response to the cheers of the people, this absorption prevented him from seeing the girl, though she leaned far out of the window in the hope that he would do so. To the lonely, worried maid it seemed as if one glance of the kindly blue eyes, and one sympathetic grasp of the large, firm hand, would have cut her troubles in half.

After the group of officers came the rank and file—lines of men no two of whom were dressed alike, many of them without coats, and some without shoes—old uniforms faded or soiled to a scarcely recognisable point, civilian clothing of all types, but with the hunting-shirt of linen or leather as the predominant garb; and equipped with every kind of gun, from the old Queen Anne musket which had seen service in Marlborough's day to the pea rifle of the frontiersman. A faint attempt to give an appearance of uniformity had been made by each man sticking a sprig of green leaves in his hat, yet had it not been for the guns, cartouche boxes, powder horns, and an occasional bayonet and canteen, only the regimental order, none too well maintained, differentiated the army from the mob which had preceded them.

While yet the girl gazed wistfully after the familiar figure, her ears were greeted with a still more familiar voice.

"Close up there, and dress your lines, Captain Balch. If this is your 'Column in parade,' what, in Heaven's name, is your 'March at ease'?" shouted Brereton, cantering along the column from the rear.

He caught sight of Janice as he rode up, and an exclamation of mingled surprise and pleasure burst from him. Throwing his bridle over a post, he sprang up the three steps, lustily hammered with the knocker, and in another moment was in the girl's presence.

"This is luck beyond belief," he exclaimed, as he seized her hand. "Your father wrote me from New York, begging that I see or send you word, that he was well, and asking that you be permitted to join him. At Brunswick I learned you were here, but, seek you as I might, I could not get wind of your whereabout. And now I cannot bide to aid you, for we are in full march to meet the British."

"Where?"

"They have landed at the head of the Chesapeake, so we are hastening to get between them and Philadelphia, and only diverged from our route to parade through the streets this morning, that the people might have a chance to see us, so 'tis given out, but in fact to overawe them; for the city is none too loyal to us, as will be shown in a few days, when they hear of our defeat."

"You mean?" questioned the girl.

"We are marching eleven thousand ill-armed and worse officered men, mostly new levies, to face on open ground nineteen thousand picked

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troops. What can come but defeat in the field? If it depended on us, the cause would be as good as ended, but they are beaten, thanks to their dirty politics, before they even face us."

"I don't understand."

"'Tis simple enough when one knows the undercurrents. Germaine was against appointing the Howes, and has always hated them. So he schemes this silly side movement of Burgoyne's from Canada, and plans that the army at New York shall be but an assistant to that enterprise, with no share in its glory. Sir William, however, sloth though he be, saw through it, and, declining to be made a cats-paw, he gets aboard ship, to seek laurels for himself, leaving Burgoyne to march and fight through his wilderness alone. Mark me, the British may capture Philadelphia, but if we can but keep them busy till it is too late to succour Burgoyne, the winter will see them the losers and not the gainers by the campaign. But there," he added, "I forget that all this can have but small interest to you."

"Oh," cried Janice, "you wouldn't say that if you knew how good it is just to hear a friend's voice." And then she poured out the tale of her mother's illness and of her own ordeal.

"Would that I could tarry here and serve and save you," groaned Brereton, when she had ended; "but perhaps luck will attend us, and I may be able to hurry back. Have you money in plenty?"

The girl faltered, for in truth there had been little cash at Greenwood when they were called upon to come away, and much of that little was already parted with for lodgings and medicines. Yet she managed to nod her head.

Her pretence did not deceive Jack, and in an instant his purse was being forced into her unwilling fingers. "The fall in our paper money gives a leftenant-colonel a lean scrip in these days, but what little I have is yours," he said.

"I can't take it," protested Janice, trying to return the wallet.

Brereton was at the door ere her hand was outstretched. "Thy father's letters to me are in the purse, so you must keep it," he urged. "It's a toss whether I ever need money again, but if I weather this campaign, we'll consider it but a loan, and if I don't, 'tis the use of all others to which I should wish it put." This he said seriously, and then more lightly went on: "And besides, Miss Janice, I owe you far more than I can ever pay. We Whigs may forcibly impress, but at least we tender what we can in payment. Keep it, then, as a beggar's poor thanks for the two happiest moments of his life." The aide passed through the doorway, and the next moment a horse's feet clattered in the street.

Janice stood listening to the sound for a moment, then, overcome by this first kindness after such long weeks of harshness and trial, she kissed the purse. And if Brereton could have seen the flush of emotion that swept over her face with the impulsive act, it is likely that something else would have been kissed as well.

XXXI.

SHORT COMMONS.

The moment's cheer that the brief dialogue with Brereton brought Janice was added to by the reading of the two letters from her father to him, which reaffirmed and amplified the little the aide had told her, and ended that source of misery. And, as if his advent in fact marked the turn of the tide, the doctor announced the next day that Mrs. Meredith's typhoid had passed its crisis, and only good nursing was now needed to insure a safe recovery. The girl's prayers suddenly changed from ones of supplication to ones of thanksgiving; and she found herself breaking into song even when at her mother's bedside, quite forgetful of the need for quiet. This she was especially prone to do while she helped the long hours of watching pass by knitting on a silk purse of the most complicated pattern.

The materials for this trifle had been purchased on the afternoon following the march of the Continental army, and for some days the progress was very rapid. Public events then interfered and checked both song and purse. On September 11 the low boom of guns was heard, and that very evening word came that the Continental army had been defeated at Brandywine. The moment the news reached Philadelphia an exodus of the timid began, which swelled in volume as the probability of the capture of the city grew. The streets were filled with wagons carting away the possessions of the people; the Continental Congress, which had been urging Washington to fight at all hazard, took to its heels and fled to Lancaster; and all others who had made themselves prominent in the Whig cause deserted the city. Among those who thought it necessary to go was the lodging-house keeper; for, her husband being an officer of one of the row galleys in the river, she looked for nothing less than instant death at the hands of the British. With a plea to Janice, therefore, that she would care for the house and do what she could to save it from British plundering, the woman

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and her daughter departed. Her example was followed by the doctor, not from motives of fear, but from a purpose to join Washington's army as a volunteer. This threw upon the girl's shoulders the entire charge of her mother, and the cooking and providing as well; the latter by far the most difficult of all, for the farmers about Philadelphia were as much panic-stricken as the townspeople, and for a time suspended all attempts to bring their produce to market.

The two weeks of this chaos were succeeded by a third of unwonted calm, and then one morning as she opened the front door on her way to make her daily purchases, Janice's ears were greeted with the sound of military music. Turning up Second Street, curiosity hastening her steps, she became part of the crowd of women and children running toward the market, and arrived there just in time to see Harcourt's dragoons, followed by six battalions of grenadiers, march past to the tune of "God Save the Queen." Following these came Lord Cornwallis, and then four batteries of heavy artillery; and the crowd cheered the conquerors as enthusiastically and joyfully as they had Washington's ragged regiments so short a time before.

The advent of the British did not lessen the difficulties of Janice, as they not only promptly seized all the provisions of the town, but their main army, camped outside the city at Germantown, intercepted the few fresh supplies which the farmers successfully smuggled through Washington's lines above the city. Fresh beef rose to nine shillings the pound, bread to six shillings the quartern loaf, and everything else in like ratio. As if these prices were not in themselves well-nigh prohibitive, the dealers now refused the Continental money, rendering useless what was left of Brereton's loan.

The day came, therefore, when the girl could no longer secure food for her mother, and in her desperation she went boldly to headquarters and asked for Lord Cornwallis.

She was referred by the sentry at the stoop to a room on the ground floor, her entrance being accompanied by the man shouting down the hallway: "Here's wan more av thim townsfolks, sir." Entering, Janice discovered two men seated at a table, each with a little pile of money at his elbow, passing the time with cards.

"Well?" growled the one with his back to the door, "I suppose 'tis the usual story: No bread, no meat, no firewood; sick wife, sick baby, sick mother, sick anything that can be whined about. Body o' me, must we not merely fall by fighting, but die a thousand deaths meantime with endless whimpering!"

"Slowly, slowly, Mobray," advised he who faced Janice. "This is no nasal-voiced and putty-faced cowardly old Quaker. 'Tis a damned pretty maid, with eyes and a waist and an ankle fit to be a toast. Ay, and she can mantle divinely, when she's admired!"

"Ye don't foist that take-in on me, John André! I score six to my suit, and a quint is twenty-one, and a card played is twenty-two.—Well, greycoat, say thy say, and don't stand behind me as a kill-joy."

"I wish to see Lord Cornwallis, Sir Frederick," faltered Janice, nerved only by thought of her mother, and ready to sink through the floor in her mortification.

At the sound of a woman's voice the officer turned his head sharply, and with the first glance he was on his feet. "Miss Meredith," he cried, "a thousand pardons! Who'd have thought to find you here? How can I serve you?"

"I wish to see Lord Cornwallis," repeated Janice.

"'Tis evident you pay little heed to what has been occurring," replied Mobray, as he placed a chair for her. "We thought we had all the spirit beat out of Mr. Washington's pack o' ragamuffins, but, egad! last week, quite contrary to all the rules of polite warfare, and in a most ungentlemanly manner, they set upon us as we lay encamped at Germantown, and well-nigh gave us a drubbing. Lord Cornwallis went to Sir William's assistance, running his grenadiers at double quick the whole distance, and he has not yet returned."

"We deemed rebellion well under our heel when we gained possession of its capital," chimed in Captain André; "but Mr. Washington seems in truth to make a fourth with 'a dog, a woman and a chestnut tree, the more they are beat the better they be.' Our very successes are teaching his army how to fight, and I fear me the day will come when we shall have thrashed them into a victory."

"But all this is not helping Miss Meredith," spoke up Mobray. "Lord Cornwallis being beyond reach, can I not be of aid?"

In a few words the girl poured out the tale of her mother's sickness, and then with less glibness, and with reddened cheeks, of her moneyless and foodless condition.

Before she had well finished the baronet swept up his pile of money on the table and held out the handful of coins to the girl.

"Oh, no," cried Janice, shrinking back. "I—oh, I thank you, but I can't take your—"

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"Ah, Miss Meredith," pleaded Sir Frederick, "I was less proud last winter when we were half starving in scurvy-plagued and fever-stricken Brunswick."

"But food was nothing," exclaimed Janice, "and that is all I want; just enough for my mother. I thought Lord Cornwallis might—"

"In truth, Miss Meredith, you ask for what is far scarcer than guineas in these days," said André. "The rebels hold the forts in the lower Delaware so tenaciously that our supply ships have not yet been able to get up to us, and as Washington's army is between us and the back country, we are as near in a state of siege as nineteen thousand men were ever put by an inferior force."

"Our men are on quarter rations, and we officers fare but little better," grumbled Mobray.

"Then what am I to do?" cried Janice despairingly.

"Come, Fred," said André, "can't something be done?"

Mobray shook his head. "I did my best yesterday to get the wounded rebels given some soup and wine, or at least beef and biscuit that wasn't rotten or full of worms, but 'twas not to be done; there's too much profit in buying the worst and charging for the best."

"Damn the commissary, say I," growled André, "and let his fate be to starve ever after on the stuff he palms on us as fit to eat."

"Amen," remarked a voice outside, and Lord Clowes stepped into the room. "I'll take hell and army rations, Captain André, rather than lose the pleasure of your society," he added ironically.

"Small doubt I shall be found there," retorted André derisively; "but I fear me we shall be no better friends, Baron Clowes, than we are here. There is a special furnace for *paroled prisoners!*"

"Blast thy tongue, but that insult shall cost thee dear!" returned the commissary, white with rage. "To whom shall I send my friend, sir?"

"Hold, André," broke in Mobray, "let me answer, not for you, but for the army." He faced Clowes and went on. "When you have surrendered yourself into the hands of the rebels, and have been properly exchanged, sir, you may be able to find a British officer to carry a challenge on your behalf; until then no man of honour would lower himself by fighting you."

"I make Sir Frederick's answer mine, my lord," said André, "and I suggest, as a lady is present, that we put a finish to our war of words, which can come to nothing."

The commissary gave a quick glance about the room, and as he became aware of the presence of Janice, he uttered an exclamation, and started forward with outstretched hand. "Miss Meredith!" he ejaculated. "By all that's wonderful!"

Mobray made an impulsive movement as Clowes stooped and kissed the girl's hand, almost as if intending to strike the baron; but, checking himself, he sarcastically remarked, with a frowning face: "If you enjoy the favour of his lordship, Miss Meredith, you need not look further for help. We fellows who fight for our country barely get enough to keep life in us, but the commissariat knows not short commons. Mr. Commissary-General, you have an opportunity to aid Miss Meredith that you should not have were it in my power to forestall you."

"Come to my office, Miss Janice," requested Clowes, perhaps glad to get away from the presence of the young officers. He led the way across the hallway to another room, and, after the two were seated, would have taken the girl's hand again had she not avoided his attempt.

In the fewest possible words Janice retold her plight, broken only by interjections of sympathy from her listener, and by two futile endeavours to gain possession of her hand.

"Have no fear of any want in the future," he exclaimed heartily. "In truth, Miss Meredith, on our entrance we seized much that was unfit for the troops, while since then the military necessities have compelled the destruction of many of the finest houses about Germantown, and I took good care that what store of delicacies and wines they might hold should not be destroyed along with them. But give me thy number, and thy mother shall have all that she needs." Clowes caught the maiden's hand, and though she rose with the action, and slightly shrank away from him, this time he had his will and kissed it hotly.

Janice gave the address and thanked him with warm words of gratitude, somewhat neutralised by her trying to free her hand.

Instead of yielding to her wish, the commissary only tightened his grasp. "Ye have owed me something for long," he said, drawing her toward him in spite of her striving. "Surely I have earned it to-day."

"Lord Clowes, I beg—" began Janice; but there she ended the plea, and, throwing her free arm before her face, she screamed.

Instantly there was a sound of a falling

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chair, and both the card players burst into the room.

Quick as they were, Clowes had already dropped his hold, and at a respectful distance was saying: "The wine and food shall reach you within the hour, Miss Meredith."

Janice silently courtesied her thanks, and darted past the young officers, alike anxious to escape explanation to them, or further colloquy with her persecutor.

In this latter desire the girl secured but a brief postponement, for she was not long returned when the knocker summoned her to the front door, and on the steps stood the commissary, and two soldiers laden with a basket apiece.

"You see I'm true to my word, Miss Meredith," said Lord Clowes. "Give me the whiskets, and be off with you," he ordered to the men; and then, to the girl continued: "Where will you have them bestowed?"

"Oh, I'll not trouble thee," protested Janice, blocking the entrance, "just hand them to me."

"Nay, 'tis no trouble," the officer assured her, setting one foot over the sill. "And, besides, I have word of your father to tell you."

Reluctantly the maiden gave him passage, and pointed out a place of deposit in the entry for his burden. Then she fell back to the staircase, and went up a few steps. Yet she eagerly questioned: "What of my father?"

Clowes came to the foot of the ascent. "He is on one of the transports in the lower Delaware, and as soon as we can reduce the rebel works, and break through their cursed *chevaux-de-frise,* he will come up to Philadelphia."

"Oh," almost carolled Janice, "what joyous news!"

"And does the bringer deserve no reward?"

"For that, and for the food, I thank you deeply, Lord Clowes," said the girl warmly.

"I'm not the man to take my pay in mere lip music," answered the commissary. "Harkee, Miss Meredith, there is a limit to my forbearance of thy skittishness. Thou wast ready enough to wed me once, and I have never released thee from the bargain. Henceforth I expect a lover's privileges until they can be made those of a husband." Clowes took two steps upward.

"I think, Lord Clowes, that it is hardly kind of you to remind me of my shame," replied Janice, with a gentle dignity very close to tears. "Deceitful I was and disobedient, and no one can blame me more than I have come to blame myself. But you are not the one to speak of it; nor to pretend that my giddy conduct was any pledge."

"Then I am to understand that I was lover enough, when thy needs required it, but that now I am to be jilted?" demanded the man harshly.

"Your version is a cruel one that I am sure you cannot think just."

"You hold to it that you are not bound to me?"

"Yes."

The commissary fell back to where he had set the baskets. "In your necessity ye felt otherwise, and I advise ye to remember that ye still require my aid. I am not one of those who lavish favours and expect no return, though a good friend to those who make it worth my while. If I am to have nought from ye, you shall have nought from me." He picked up the baskets. "Here is milk, bread, meat, jellies and wines, to be had for a price, and only for a price."

"Oh, prithee, Lord Clowes," begged Janice despairingly, "you cannot seek to advantage yourself of my desperate plight. All I had to give my mother this morning was some water gruel, and I have not tasted food myself for a twenty-four hours."

"Your anxiety for your mother cannot be over great. I only ask you to avow that you consented to become my wife, and should have done so had we been left free."

The girl wavered; then buried her face in her hands, and in a scarcely audible voice said: "I did intend—for a brief space—did think to—to marry you."

"And you've never given a promise to another man?"

"Never."

Clowes set down the baskets. "That is all I wished acknowledged," he said. "I'll ask no more till you have decided whether you will be true to the troth you have just confessed, Janice." He opened the front door, and added as he passed out: "When these supplies are exhausted, you know where more is to be had."

XXXII.

THE BATTLE FOR FOOD AND FORAGE.

When Janice came to examine the contents of the baskets, she was somewhat disappointed at the mess of pottage for which she had half bartered herself. Though every article the commissary had enumerated was to be found, it was in meagre quantities, and the girl was shrewd-witted enough to divine the giver's intention—that she should be quickly forced

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again to appeal to him. Her mother's needs and her own hunger, however, prevented dwelling on the future, and scarcely had these been attended to when Mobray and André appeared, to inquire if her immediate needs were supplied, and with a plan of assistance.

"Miss Meredith," said Mobray, "Captain André and I have had assigned to us for quarters the Franklin house down on Second Street; and he and I agreed that if Mrs. Meredith can be moved, you are to come and share it with us."

"We ask it as a favour, which, if granted, will make us the envy of the army," remarked André. "And it will, I trust, not be an entirely one-sided benefit. The old fox's den is more than comfortable, Mobray and I have a couple of rankers as servants, one of whom has more or less attached to him a woman who cooks well enough to make even the present ration eatable, and, lastly, though our presence may be something of a handicap, yet in such unsettled times one must tolerate the dogs if they but keep out the wolves. Hang and whip as we may, the men will plunder, and some in high office are little better. Alone here, you are scarcely safe, but with us you need have no fear."

Janice attempted some objections, but her previous helplessness and loneliness, as well as her recent fright from the commissary, made them faint-hearted, and it needed little urgence to win her consent to the plan. Her mother approving, a surgeon and an ambulance were secured, and before nightfall the removal was safely accomplished.

In contrast to the past, the next few days were very happy ones to Janice. Her mother mended steadily, and was soon able to come to meals and to stay downstairs. The servants relieved the girl of all the household drudgery, and spared her from all dwelling on her empty purse. As for the young officers, they could not do enough to entertain her, and, it is to be suspected, themselves. Picquet was quite abandoned, and in place of it nothing would do André but he must teach Janice to paint. Not to be thrown in the background, Mobray produced his flute, and, thanks to a fine harpsichord Franklin had imported for his daughter, was able to have numberless duets with the maiden. Then there were short rides to the south of the city, where the Delaware and Schuylkill safeguarded a restricted territory from rebel intrusion. Finally, there were daily walks along the river front or in the State House Gardens, where one of the bands of the few regiments garrisoning the city played every afternoon for the amusement of the officers and townspeople, and where Janice was made acquainted with many a young macaroni officer or feminine toast. Save for the high price of provisions, and the constant war talk, Philadelphia bore little semblance to being in a state of semi-siege, and the prize which two armies were striving to hold or win, not by actual conflict, but by a strategy which aimed to keep closed or to open sources of supplies.

Late in October Howe's army fell back from Germantown, and took position just outside the city, where it was set to work throwing up lines of fortifications. And a startling rumour, which seemed to come from nowhere, but which, in spite of denials from headquarters, spread like wildfire, supplied a reason for both the retrograde movement and the building of blockhouses and redoubts.

"The rebels have the effrontery to give it out that they have captured General Burgoyne's whole force," sneeringly announced Mobray, as he returned from guard mount. "There seems no limit to the size of their lies."

"La! Sir Frederick," exclaimed Janice, "'tis just what Colonel—what somebody predicted. He said that if General Washington could but keep Sir William busy until it would be too late for him to go to General Burgoyne's aid that all would be well at the end of the campaign."

"And having conceived the hope, they seek to bolster their cause by spreading the tale abroad," scoffed the baronet.

"'Facile est inventis addere,'" laughed André. "They are merely settling the moot point as to who is the father of invention."

"What rebel was it bubbled the conceit to you, Miss Meredith?" inquired Mobray.

"'Twas Colonel Brereton," replied the girl, with a faint hesitation. Then she added, as if a new idea occurred to her, "So you see the American is not the father of invention, Colonel Brereton being an Englishman." Though spoken as an assertion, the statement had a definite question in it.

"Who is this fellow, who, like Charles Lee, fights against his own country?" asked André.

"No one you ever knew, John," replied Mobray; "but I, who did, have it not in my heart to blame him."

"Wilt not tell us his history?" begged Janice eagerly.

"Nay, Miss Meredith; he was an old-time friend of mine, which would be enough to seal my lips respecting his sorry tale, since he wishes to let it die. But I am his debtor as

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well, for he it was who helped me to a prompt exchange when I was taken prisoner last spring."

For two days the young officers continued to get infinite amusement out of the rebel news, but on the third their gibes and flouts ceased, and a sudden gravity ensued, the cause of which was explained to the women that evening when the time had come for "good-night."

"Ladies," said André, "the route is ordered before daybreak to-morrow, so we must say a farewell to you now, and leave you for a time to the sole charge of Mrs. O'Flaherty. She has orders from us, and from her putative spouse, to take the greatest care of you both, and we have endeavoured to arrange that you shall want for nothing during what we fervently hope will be but a brief absence."

"For what are you leaving us?" asked Mrs. Meredith.

"In truth, 'tis a sorry business," growled Mobray. "Confirmation came last night of Burgoyne's capitulation, and this means that General Gates's army will at once effect a juncture with Washington's, and the combined force will give us more than we bargained to fight. Burgoyne's fiasco makes it all the more necessary that we hold Philadelphia, and so, as our one chance, we must, ere the union is effected, capture the forts on the Delaware, that our warships and supplies may come to us, lest, when the moment arrives for our desperate struggle, we be handicapped by short commons, and no line of retreat."

"Wilt pray for our success, Miss Meredith?"

"Ay," urged the baronet, "for whatever your sympathies, remember that we fight this time to reunite you with your father."

And that night Janice made her first plea in behalf of the British arms.

It was Clowes who brought them the best proof of the final triumph of the royal army, for one November morning he broke in upon their breakfast, unannounced, and with him came Mr. Meredith.

Had the squire ever doubted the affection of his wife and daughter, the next few minutes of inarticulate but ecstatic delight would have convinced him once for all. Mrs. Meredith, who, since her fever, had been unwontedly gentle and affectionate, welcomed him as he had not been greeted in years, and Janice, shifting from tears to laughter and back again, well-nigh choked him in her delight. Breakfast was forgotten, while the exile was made to tell all his adventures, and of how, finally, he had escaped from the ship on which perforce he had been for three months.

"'Twas desperate fighting on both sides, but we were too many for them, and the river is free at last. The transport Surrey was third to come up to the city, and the moment I was ashore I sought out Lord Clowes, hoping to get word of ye, and was not disappointed. Pox me, but I'd begun to think that never again should I see ye!"

There was so much to tell and to listen to in the next few days that the reunited family gave little heed to public events, though warm salutations and thanks were lavished on Mobray and André upon the return of the force which had operated against the forts.

An enforced change speedily brought them back to the present. The mustering of all the royal army, now swelled by reinforcements of three thousand troops hurriedly summoned from New York, compelled a rebilleting of the troops, and nine more officers were assigned by the quartermaster-general to the Franklin house, overcrowding it to such an extent as to end the possibility that it should longer shelter the Merediths. The esquire went to Sir William Erskine, only to be told that as he was a civilian the Quartermaster's Department could, or at least would, do nothing for him. An appeal to Clowes resulted better, for that officer offered to share his own lodgings with his friends, a generosity which delighted Mr. Meredith, but which put an anxious look on his daughter's face and a scowl on that of Mobray.

"I make no doubt 'twas a well-hatched scheme from the start," he asserted. "Lord Clowes and Erskine are but Tom Tickle and Tom Scratch."

With the same thought in her own mind, Janice took the first opportunity to beg her father to seek further rather than accept the commissary's hospitality.

"Nay, lass," replied Mr. Meredith. "Beggars cannot be choosers, and that is what we are. Remember that I am without money, and have been so ever since those rascals hounded me from home. Had not Lord Clowes generously stepped forward as he has we should be put to it to get through the winter without being frozen or starved. And your mother's health is not such as could stand either, that you know."

"You are quite right, dadda," assented the girl, as she stooped and kissed him. "I—I had a reason—which now I will not trouble you with—and selfishly forgot both mommy and our poverty." Then flinging her arms about his neck she hid her head against his shoulder

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and said: "I am promised—you have given Philemon your word, and you'll not go back on it, will you, dadda?" almost as if she were making a prayer.

"Odds my life! what scatter-brains women are born with," marvelled Mr. Meredith. "In the name of evil, Jan, what started ye off on that tangent?"

"You will keep faith with him, dadda?" pleaded the daughter.

"Of course I will," affirmed the squire. "And glad I am, child, to find that ye have come to see that I knew not merely what was best for ye, but what would make ye happiest. If the poor lad is ever exchanged, 'twill be glad news for him."

No sooner had the British returned from their brief sally than they settled into winter quarters, and gave themselves up to such amusements as the city afforded or they could create.

The commissary had taken good heed to have one of the finest of the deserted Whig houses in the city assigned to him, and whatever it had once lacked had been supplied. A coach, a chair, and four saddle-horses were at his beck and call; a dozen servants, some military and some slave, performed the household and stable work; a larder and a cellar, filled to repletion, satisfied every creature need, and their contents were served on plate and china of the richest.

"I' faith," explained the officer, when Mr. Meredith commented on the completeness and elegance of the establishment, " 'tis something to be commissary-general in these times, and since the houses about Germantown were to be destroyed 'twas contrary to nature not to take from them what would serve to make me comfortable. Their owners are none the poorer, for they think it all perished in the flames, as it would have done but for my forethought."

During the first two days in their new domiciliary Janice showed the utmost nervousness, seldom leaving her mother's or father's side, and never venturing into the hallways without a previous peep to see that they were empty. As the weeks wore on without any attempt on the commissary's part to surprise her into a tête-à-tête, to recur to the words he had forced her to utter, or to be anything but a polite, entertaining and thoughtful host, the girl gained courage and little by little took life more equably. She would have been less easy, though better able to understand his conduct, had she overheard or had repeated to her a conversation between Lord Clowes and her father on the day that they first took up their new abode.

"A beggar's thanks are lean ones, Clowes," the squire had said, over the wine, "but if ever the dice cease from throwing me blanks ye shall find that Lambert Meredith has not forgot thy loans of home and money."

"Talk not to me in such strain, Meredith," replied the host, with the frank, hearty manner he could so well command. "I ask no better payment than your company, but 'tis in your power to shift the debt onto my shoulders at any time, and by a single word at that."

"How so?"

"It has scarce slipped thy memory that in a moment's mistrust of thee—which I now concede was both unfriendly and unjustifiable—I sought to run off with thy beautiful maid. She was ready to marry me out of hand; but give thy consent as well, and I shall be thy debtor for life."

"Ye know—" began Mr. Meredith.

"And what is more," went on the suitor, "though 'tis not for me to make boast, I can assure ye that Lord Clowes is no bad match. In the last two years I've salted down nigh sixty thousand pounds in the funds and bank stock."

"Adzooks!" aspirated the squire. "How did ye that?"

"Hah, hah," laughed the commissary triumphantly. "That is what it is to play the cards aright. 'Twas all from being carried on that cursed silly voyage to the Madeiras which at that moment I deemed the work of the Evil One himself. I could get but a passage to Halifax, and by luck I arrived there just as Sir William put in with the fleet from Boston. We had done a stroke or two of business in former times, and so I was able to gain his ear, and unfold a big scheme to him."

"And what was that?"

"Hah, a great scheme," reiterated Clowes, smacking his lips, after a long swallow of spirits. "Says I, make me commissary-general, and I'll make our fortunes. We'll impress food and forage and the government shall pay us for every pound of—"

" 'Twas madness," broke in Mr. Meredith. "Dost not know that nothing has so stirred the people as the taking their crops without payment?"

"Like as not," assented the commissary, "but 'tis also the way to subdue them. They began a war and they must pay the usual penalty until they are sickened of it. And since the seizures were to be made, 'twas too good a chance not to turn an honest penny.

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Pray heaven they don't lay down their arms too soon, for I ambition to be wealthier still. Canst hope better for your daughter than that she be made Lady Clowes, and rich to boot?"

"She's promised—" began the squire, but once again the suitor cut him off.

"She herself told me she is pledged to no one but me."

"Nay, I've passed my word to Leftenant Hennion."

"Chut! A subaltern who'll bless his stars if he ever is allowed to starve on a captain's pay. Thou canst not really mean to do thy daughter such an injury?"

"My word is passed, and Lambert Meredith breaks not that. The lad's a good boy, too, who'll make her a good husband, with a fine estate, if peace ever comes again in the land."

The officer thrummed a moment on the table.

"Then 'tis only your word to this fellow, and no want of friendliness that leads ye to give me nay?" he asked.

"Of that ye may be sure," assented Mr. Meredith, eagerly availing himself of the easy escape from the quandary that his host made for him.

"And but for the promise ye'd give her to me?"

The father hesitated and swallowed before he made reply, and when the words came, it was with an observable reluctance that he said: "Ye should know that."

"That is all I ask," cried the commissary. "I knew ye were not the man to eat another's bread and not do what ye could for him. We'll not hope for harm to the lad, but if the camp fever or smallpox or aught else should come to him, I'll remind ye of the promise ye've just spoken, sure that the man who won't break his word to one won't to t'other."

"That ye may tie to," acceded Mr. Meredith, though with a dubious manner, as if something perplexed him. And in his own room that evening he paused for a moment after removing his wig and remarked to himself: "Promise I suppose I did, though I ne'er intended it. Well, let's hope that Phil gets her; and if some miscarriage prevents, 'tis something that she should be made great and rich, though I wish the money had come in some more honest way to a more honest man."

As for the commissary, once retired to his own room he wrote a letter which he superscribed "To David Sproat, Deputy Commissary of Prisoners at New York." But this done, he tore it up, and tossed the fragments into the fire, with the remark: "Why should I put name to it, when Loring or Cunningham can give the order just as well? I'll see one or t'other to-morrow, and so prevent all chance of its being traced to me." Then he sat looking for a time at the embers reflectively. " 'Tis folly to want her," he said finally, as he rose and began the removal of his coat, "now that ye need not her acres, but she's enough to tempt any man with blood in his veins, and I can afford the whim. Keep that blood in check, however, till ye have her fast; and do not frighten her as ye have done. To think of Lord Clowes, cool enough to match any man, losing his head over a whiffling bit of woman-flesh! What devil's baits they are!"

Put at ease by the commissary's conduct toward her, Janice entered eagerly into the gaiety with which the army beguiled the tedium of winter quarters. Dislike of Clowes precluded André and Mobray from coming to the house, but they saw much of the maid elsewhere. She and Peggy Chew had been made known to each other by André early in the British occupation, and they promptly established the warm friendship that girls of their age so easily form, and spent many hours together. The two captains were quick to discover that the Chew house was a pleasant one, and became almost as constant visitors there as Janice herself. At André's suggestion the painting lessons were resumed, with Miss Chew as an additional pupil, and he undertook to teach them French as well; the music, too, was revived for Mobray's benefit, though now more often as a trio or quartette; and many other pleasures were shared in common. Janice made rapid progress in all, and developed an especial knack in catching a likeness, and several caricatures of hers were clever enough to be handed about the city, notably one of General Charles Lee, who had been brought to Philadelphia on parole, pending an exchange that was being negotiated.

(To be continued.)

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THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

MATTHEW ARNOLD. By George Saintsbury. Modern English Writers. Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.25.

Professor Saintsbury's monograph on Matthew Arnold may claim to be in at least one particular the very counterpart of his subject, as this is regarded by the author. Arnold, in Professor Saintsbury's view, is an exquisite poet and felicitous critic, the symmetry of whose genius is marred by an ugly excrescence, which it is his biographer's professional duty to extirpate. This, it need not be said, is his treatment of the political and religious questions of his day. We on our part consider Mr. Saintsbury's essay a most admirable piece of criticism so long as it deals with pure literature; but so soon as it quits that sphere every word of disparagement which Mr. Saintsbury directs against Mr. Arnold appears to us to recoil upon himself; and assuredly the feelings with which he describes his relief at witnessing Mr. Arnold's regression from political and religious controversy to literature differ in no respect from those which the observation of the like phenomenon evokes in his own case. It is not a question of truth and error. Professor Saintsbury's right to his opinion, and the free expression of it, is as incontestable as Mr. Arnold's. The point is that difference of sentiment should have so entirely blinded him to the weight and force of Arnold's controversial writings; to their absolute congruity with the author's personality, which would seem but a torso without them; and to their efficacy in permeating and shaping the general body of opinion. It is true that they are not widely read at present, but neither are the *Tracts for the Times* or *Ecce Homo* or Helps's dialogues or Maurice's essays, or any of the books, unless Robertson's Sermons be an exception, which have done most to mould contemporary thought. The mere fact of a book having appealed powerfully to its own generation is an argument for its proving in some measure out of tune with the next, but its peculiar gospel, be this what it may, has been transmitted and imbibed, and goes on operating like a hidden force of nature.

Professor Saintsbury's assault on Arnold's polemical writings is nevertheless valuable in so far as its over-statements cover and include the sound proposition that Arnold's poetry takes rank before his prose. We have seen the converse assumed as self-evident; but no one susceptible to imagination or pathos could really prefer irony at the expense of narrow-minded ecclesiastics or middle-class Philistines, or even such criticism as Arnold on Heine or the translators of Homer, to the revival of the great heroic figures of the past; or to lyric protests against the frequent cruelty of Life and Fortune, intense as Byron, dignified as Sophocles. In our opinion, the greatest of Arnold's poems is the one in which this epic grandeur and this lyric passion are most perfectly combined, and we must regret that Professor Saintsbury, whose judgments on his author's poems rarely leave room for cavil or remonstrance, should have found so little to say about "Sohrab and Rustum." The poetical literature of our century is brilliant with almost every kind of excellence, but since Byron and Wordsworth there are two things which our poets cannot do, they cannot attain the sublime, and they cannot draw tears. Two modern pieces alone, most dissimilar in form and structure, possess the tear-compelling spell of Vergil and Euripides; one is the stately "Sohrab and Rustum," the other Tennyson's almost childishly simple "Edward Gray." This alone would give "Sohrab and Rustum" a high place, but almost every other element as well as pathos that goes to the making of a great poem is present in it to an equal degree. The same, except that the sufferings of Norse deities cannot touch the breast as deeply as those of fellow-mortals, is true of the companion poem, "Balder Dead." We are not surprised to find Professor Saintsbury depreciating this noble work, for he has contemporary critical opinion on his side. But never, we venture to think, was contemporary opinion more mistaken. Everywhere else, so long as poetry is the Professor's theme, we find ourselves in hearty agreement with him; and Arnold's poetry is his immortal part.

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In expressing this opinion, we by no means wish to undervalue either the part of Arnold's critical work which Professor Saintsbury disesteems or that which he appreciates equally with ourselves. The fact is simply that, except in the rare instances when, like Lessing or Ruskin, a critic can be a legislator, criticism cannot be a passport to immortality. Arnold could not be a legislator. Neither in the field of politics nor theology nor æsthetics does he claim to speak with authority. Compare his essays with those of another distinguished modern poet and critic, Coventry Patmore, and it will be perceived that Patmore is a seer and Arnold an advocate. That Patmore's angularities and limitations rendered his gift far less influential and serviceable than Arnold's is true, but the original endowment was higher for all that. Thrice in his life, notwithstanding, Arnold had a vision of an important principle or fact which no contemporary saw so clearly, and the result was on each occasion an essay which, though it may cease to be read long ere his verse has ceased to charm, will influence English literature to the latest ages. In his memorable Preface of 1853 he proclaimed the need of symmetry and unity in poetical composition, and the worthlessness of incoherent beauty. In his lectures on translating Homer he showed, though he hardly exemplified, the necessity of noble style in rendering noble art. In his essays on Celtic literature he summed up the peculiar, indefinable quality which renders the best English poetry so exquisite under the happy phrase "Celtic magic." Professor Saintsbury seems to have some doubts about the adjective, but can it be denied that such a book as Joyce's *Irish Legends* is steeped in what Arnold meant by "magic," and that Anglo-Saxon poetry has none of it? Professor Saintsbury, who has edited Peacock's *Misfortunes of Elphin*, knows that the Welsh peasant personifies the foam of the sea as "the white alluring one." Would he not be surprised to find an English peasant doing the like? And if the magic of such a phrase is Celtic, why not call it Celtic magic?

Richard Garnett.

THE CATHEDRAL BUILDERS. The Story of a Great Masonic Guild. By Leader Scott, Honorary Member of the Accademia delle Belle Arti, Florence, and author of *The Renaissance of Art in Italy*, etc. With 83 illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.00.

In this handsome and elaborate monograph the able woman who writes under the pseudonym of "Leader Scott" concentrates the light of extensive research on a problem of real importance in the history of architecture, and of deep interest to all students of the past. As one feels the glamour of the great abbey churches and cathedrals, either at home or abroad, one is assailed by questions to which it is an arduous task to attempt an answer. How did it happen that architecture was the earliest, and for long the only, flower of art in the Dark Ages; that in an epoch of ignorance and violence, when communities were rediscovering the rudiments of civilisation, religion had already its great church builders? How account for the striking fact that in countries far apart buildings of the same date bear the imprint of one and the same spirit, design and inspiration? What is the elucidation of the financial difficulty which arises when one endeavours to estimate the enormous cost of the numberless monastic establishments and ecclesiastical edifices which were scattered broadcast over Christendom? To this last question the present writer is unable to discover a sufficiently circumstantial reply. To the two which precede it *The Cathedral Builders* offers a solution which, if not wholly conclusive, strongly commends itself in virtue of the evidence by which it is sustained. An unbroken, though occasionally obscured, tradition connects the builders of Verona and Trêves, of Cologne and Westminster, of Milan and Caen and Salisbury, with the Masters of the Roman *collegium*. The author herself recognises that the weak points in her line of argument are "the derivation of the Comacines of Lombard times from the Roman public architects who built for Constantine and Pope Adrian; and the connection of this Lombard Guild with the early cathedral builders of the eleventh and twelfth centuries"; but complete and final evidence is scarcely to be expected in a matter so remote and so difficult to trace. It must be at least conceded that she has made out a good case. Even in the days of Pliny the Younger the Comacine builders—we need not discuss whether they derived their name from the island of Comacina in Lake Como or from the German *Gemachin*—were famous for their skill and resourcefulness. Whatever their connection with the Roman *collegium*, "Rome," according to our author, "is almost as full of remains of what is now styled Comacine architecture as it is of classic and pagan ruins, and they are nearly as deeply buried." The Free Republic of Como was a land of refuge for the Romans who fled from barbaric invasion, and an edict of the Longobard King, Rotharis, shows that in the seventh century the Comacine Masters were a compact and powerful

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guild, whose organisation and official nomenclature perpetuated those of the old Roman *collegium*. In a similar fashion the connection between this Lombard Guild and the cathedral builders of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries is demonstrated by identity of architectural style and ornamental design, and by the identity of official titles and organisation. It appears, by the way, that some connection may be traced between the names and emblems of the Freemasonry of to-day, which is by no means intimately associated with architecture, and the actual working arrangements of the old Comacine Guild, and, accordingly, one gathers, of its predecessors, the Roman colleges of public architects. In this perpetuation, then, of the old classic builders we have the secret of the apparition of architecture as the one flower of art in a semi-barbarous time. And we have also an explanation of the synchronism of styles and methods in places far apart at the same periods. The guild was the multiple genius of those days. Master-builders travelled far, and founded schools wherever they paused to build minster or priory. Abbots and bishops became members of the guild, and so acquired the tradition which had been handed down from Rome and modified to suit climate and nationality through the lapse of developing centuries. There were emergences of original and independent genius in this as there have been in other arts, but the creative spirit had always the long results of time to strengthen his individual resources. In the brief space here available it is impossible to do justice to the author's treatment of her subject, but enough has been said to indicate the scope and importance of the book. Even as a mere collection of fine architectural illustrations, it will be cordially welcomed by all who are attracted by the great art which, for many centuries at least, has been well described as "the worship in stone of the creature of clay." *William Canton.*

ADDRESSES AND APPRECIATIONS. By Lord Rosebery. New York: John Lane. $1.50.

Not one politician in a thousand could prudently permit his non-official utterances to be published in this separate form. Only into an unobtrusive seventh volume might they be shovelled, and only on the melancholy pretext of completeness. But Lord Rosebery's can brave notice on their own account, and for qualities and features which are extremely rare. These addresses and appreciations, literary, civic, social and otherwise, obey the laws of an art that is too little understood among us. All of them have been spoken; a consciousness of that is the first condition of adjudging their value. When Burke or Burns, Stevenson or Wallace, was the subject, the occasion forbade to this orator, who really knew his business, any complicated analysis, any detailed study, even the presentation of any very novel point of view. Such would have fatigued or puzzled his audience, or set half of them at variance with him. Lord Rosebery is too graceful, too quick-witted to make the mistake of the merely bookish man. On the other hand, he has avoided the opposite error of uttering only pleasant generalities of an incontrovertible kind, calculated to offend no susceptibilities and designed to save the speaker all effort of thinking. There is in these short addresses the flavour of past thought, the suggestiveness that springs from rich experience, with the good breeding that supposes ample interest and information in his hearers. He speaks not as pedagogue, but as the interpreter of the readiest thought of an intelligent audience; and to the interpretation he devotes the graces of a prompt and graceful speech, a quick wit, a fund of apt allusion. The skill to associate himself with his audience is the main art of the occasional orator—a difficult art, requiring restraint, reticence and suppression of self. These addresses, where the art is seen in perfection, might be used as models by the large number of persons who have opportunities of addressing their fellow-citizens quite out of proportion to their knowledge how to shine in them. And the subjects are various enough for the purpose: Burke, Burns, Gladstone, London, the Duty of Public Service, Scottish History, the Happy Town Councillor and Sport, to name but a selection.

We have omitted to mention the other condition of success in this kind of oratory—to make at least one point, striking, yet not too obvious, not insulting to the most intelligent hearers, and very well within the comprehension of the rest. Having put himself at one with them, he must give them something to carry away, or, to put it otherwise, he must provide for the reporter. So here, Lord Rosebery, in his pathetic picture of the great statesman, the great political philosopher, the orator of genius, who was not listened to in his lifetime, who saw none of his schemes or dreams come to fruition, who had the poor success that should silence grumbling mediocrities; again in his consideration of what love of letters does for the statesman, and of the great contrast presented in this regard by the lives of

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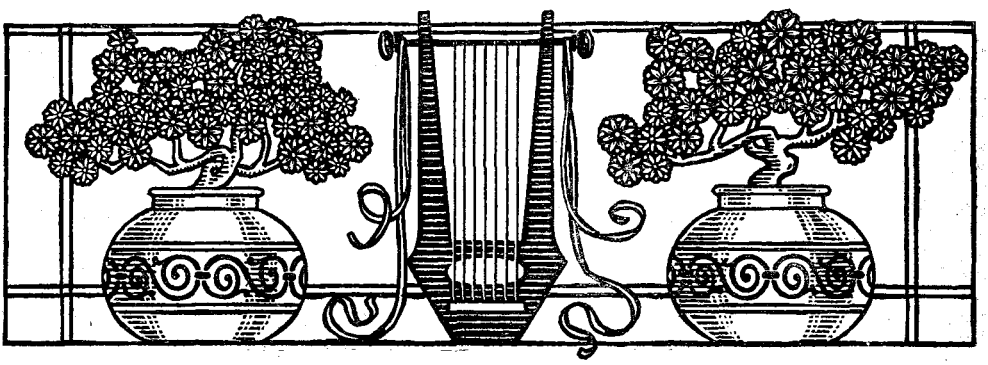
Gladstone and Parnell; again in his humorous comparison between the miserable servant of the State at Westminster, who neglects his private business, his family, and throws his individual taste to the winds, and sees his pet measures fail and delay, and the happy man who devotes himself to municipal service, who lives prosperous in the midst of a well-cared-for family, and sees his reforms, if it only be the erection of a new pump, grow up proudly under his very nose—in these pictures and contrasts, and there is, at least, one in each of the addresses, he proves that the second art of the occasional orator is instinctively his own. In this kind of exercise only Mr. Birrell rivals him. Mr. Birrell shows more wit, perhaps equal grace; but the forms and rules of the art are seen in clearest evidence in the addresses of Lord Rosebery.

REMINISCENCES OF THE KING OF ROUMANIA. Edited from the Original, with an Introduction, by Sidney Whitman. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Readers who buy this book looking for a stock of royal gossip and anecdotes will be terribly disappointed. There is not a hint of gossip in all the three hundred and sixty pages. There never was such a prudent compilation; its dignity is always at full-dress point. King Charles drew up the German original himself, and so it has all the value of having been written from the inside, and all the tastelessness of the official document. The English editor says of the *Reminiscences:* "They also contain a study in self-revelation, which, so far as it belongs to a regal character, is absolutely unique in its completeness—even in an age so rich in sensational memoirs as our own." We have come across no self-revelation; but everywhere a cold prudence, a determination not to offend anybody, which is highly natural, considering who the writer is. The official story of how the throne was offered to the son of Karl-Anton, how he comported himself in the face of faction; how he dealt with the financial situation; how far the country was in agreement with Russia at the outbreak of the war; and what its development has been since—all this is told concisely and clearly. Letters breathing the best of sentiments from his father, from Napoleon III., from the Crown Prince of Germany and from Bismarck, are included; but though not without significance, they are without interest in the general sense. The war period is dealt with in a more lively manner, and the pages relating to it are really of some importance. The student of the Eastern Question cannot afford to leave any book dealing with the affairs of Southeastern Europe unheeded, but he will not owe a great deal to the revelations of his most cautious Majesty. From a compliment some one pays to his wife we learn that she is a patron of letters and art. Then it suddenly occurs to us that Carmen Sylva is his queen. But he does not unbend enough to mention her by that name or any trait which would make her recognisable to the ordinary world.



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NOVEL NOTES

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY. TALES OF NEW JAPAN. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Do not let the title of Mrs. Fraser's book mislead you into the fallacy that these are merely tales of life in Japan. They are far more than this; they are idyllic love stories told with the warmth and passion of poetic feeling. As we read we inhale the delicious perfume of the gardens "flushed with a sunrise cloud of bloom;" we are dazzled by the beautiful colours of nature and of art; we are thrilled by the dancing of the Geisha girls. In fact, we could almost relish a Japanese dinner. Perhaps the most exquisitely tender love story in the collection is the one that gives the title to the book. It is the story of the Japanese girl as a wife. And she knows how to be a true wife; she never asks questions or troubles her husband with reasonings; she simply bows her head and worships him. She also knows the meaning of the words "honour" and "obey." "She Danced Before Him" portrays the passion of the Japanese girl, and it is a passion that intoxicates and blinds one. Can we withstand this magical description?

The pure ecstasy of the night had taken possession of her blood, and the intoxication of genius was upon her. None had ever seen her dance as Charteris saw her now, carried away by the maddening spell of the freedom and the mountain air, and that bath of warm moonlight. On the rough wood of the deck her bare feet flashed, noiseless as falling snowflakes, and the few drops that still clung to them slid, round diamonds, on the poor planks. Her thin draperies moved slowly round her in changing clouds, now wrapping her close like the whorls of a shell, now dipping up a rain of gems from the water's kiss as she bent far to this side and that in curves of reckless grace. Her dark eyes shone with triumph, and then were veiled in languor as the fever of passionate life shook her in its might, and she bent like a flower in the storm. She seemed the very spirit of wind and water, whose mystic beauty is embodied in the highest symbolism of her people.

Or can we remain impervious to the beauty and touch of grandeur in the following passage?

A kind of awe came over him. In all his life he had never been so alone with nature. No one ever sees her truly in the full glare of day, when all her subjects are hustling each other on a million roads to good and evil, fortune and misfortune. But in those silent, thrilling hours between darkness and dawn, go out and listen: you will hear the very pulse of the world, whose delicate beatings have only lately been made known to us. You will feel what an atom you are, how small and unnecessary, and yet how integrally you belong to the heart of things, how closely you are folded in the robe of a love that means to count with you forever, that calls to you in ineffable whispers among the forest leaves, that sends divine messages of eternal peace from the wild lily's heart into yours, that kisses you mutely in the wind, and lures you by a thousand silent charms to climb one easy step higher on the road to life.

One lays the book aside reluctantly and with an indescribable longing to live in accordance with "the custom of the country"—to experience "the leisure, the dignity of Japanese life, where poverty is no reproach, wealth no distinction." Mrs. Fraser has certainly breathed the atmosphere of Japan, and her evident love for that country communicates itself inevitably to the reader.

BOTH GREAT AND SMALL. By A. E. J. Legge. New York: John Lane. $1.50.

It is a real pleasure to read a story written with the care and affection which the author betrays on almost every page of *Both Great and Small.* Mr. Legge goes far to make us forget that we are critics; for we feel from the outset that in all such matters as language, construction, style, we may trust him fully; confident that he will give us nothing which is slipshod, that we shall be confronted by no tortuosities in his pages, that, indeed, we may concentrate our attention upon the story he has to tell. That story we will say at once is certainly worth telling. No bare *resumé* of the plot could do it justice, for its strength lies chiefly in the forceful, yet delicate delineation of men and women. Lord Chesterton, the somewhat weakly landowner, chafing against his mediocrity, yet incapable, except at rare moments, of touching heights or depths, is an achievement in character drawing. Beatrice

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Felsted, healthy and intolerant; Lesbia Burgrave, vain, emotional, wicked, yet with saving graces; and, perhaps best of all, Jim Burgrave, Lesbia's husband, who must be read about to be known—all these, and many slighter figures, are real men and women, cared for by the author, skilfully presented, and interesting in themselves. Throughout the book one finds vigour, truth and lucidity, together with some descriptive touches of nature which are admirable.

AT A WINTER'S FIRE. By Bernard Capes. New York: Doubleday and McClure Company. $1.25

In the safe sheltered comfort of a winter's fire, as the title suggests, these stories of horror will rouse tolerable shudders; but elsewhere they had best be avoided. They are worse than ghost stories, for they haunt the mind even more than they work on the nerves. Even the cheerful nightmares among them, like "Dinah's Mammoth," and such flippant ones as "William Tyrwhitt's 'Copy,'" have this effect. Science—probably quite bad science—has inspired a few; not one has been suggested by a commonplace circumstance. On the whole, they are difficult reading—which is some defence against their powers of haunting—the produce of a restlessly inventive brain, which frets itself overmuch in its task of entertaining a stupider public than it has any notion of. The tales are clever and original; but we don't advise Mr. Capes to continue this task, where Mr. Wells easily surpasses him. In his longer stories, where he has more space, and deals with character even more than with adventure, in *The Lake of Wine* and *The Comte de la Muette,* he is seen at his best.

A ROGUE'S CONSCIENCE. By David Christie Murray. New York: F. M. Buckles and Company. $1.00.

Money as the root of all evil is the undercurrent in *A Rogue's Conscience,* and the story tells us what risks men will run and what rogues they will become simply to secure for themselves the almighty dollar. James Mortimer is the chief rogue, but he has able assistants in Alexander Ross and a man called Daly. "Our James was a thoroughpaced rogue, but he was not without human feeling, and he liked to enjoy his own approval, just as much as if he had been the most honourable and upright of men. Mr. Ross was also a rogue, but he was constantly on the lookout for excuses for himself, and spent a great deal of his spare time in trying to prove to his own satisfaction that he was not so very wicked, after all." The third member of the gang proves the fallacy of the saying that there is "honour even among thieves," for he betrays his pals and eventually becomes the central figure in a thrilling lynching scene. In *A Rogue's Conscience* Mr. Murray has written another rattling good story—a story that describes the discovery of gold mines, forest fires and life in Gwyllim City, a newly discovered territory. The moral of the tale seems to be summed up in the words of "Our James"—who, by the way, is a consistent rogue from first to last—"If you want to enlighten a rogue's conscience serve him as he served other people—rob him."

IN CASTLE AND COLONY. By E. Rayner. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone and Company. $1.50.

It is in a Swedish castle and in the year 1641 that we get our first glimpse of Agneta Potorpa, a tiny maiden of five, who is as charming to the reader at eighteen as she is at five. Agneta was even then betrothed to Gustavus Pors, the friend of her father and her brother. But when the father and the brother were taken away, Agneta's mother objected to the betrothal. With the child she left the old castle, now in the possession of Monsieur Pors, and journeyed through many hardships to New Sweden, where the little maiden was brought up in the family of Axel Bonde, a farmer. Axel Bonde looms up before us as the most striking personality in the story, a peasant-born nobleman of threescore years and ten, whose loving heart gave a warm welcome to the wife and daughter of his foster-brother. As Agneta grows to womanhood Gustavus Pors, who follows her to New Sweden, is not her only lover, for there comes another—Eric Helm, an exile from Old Sweden, because of false accusations. Both men are determined to win Agneta, and both are so good and true that it becomes a question as to how the author will dispose of one of them. In the war that the Dutch wage against the Swedes, Axel Bonde and his family are in great peril, and the lovers have many thrilling adventures in seeking to protect the household of her whom they are trying to win. Finally Eric is trapped by his enemies after a most exciting and romantic experience. But as he is about to be taken prisoner Gustavus surrenders himself in his place, and by his heroic sacrifice he endears himself to the reader, as he resigns to another what he could have claimed for himself. When the author of *Free to Serve* wrote *In Castle and Colony* she had before her a quantity of rich material. This material she has deftly utilised, until we have before us a story which shows strength and tenderness and familiarity

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with the countries and peoples of the period. The book, as a whole, makes a distinctly favourable impression.

MADAM PARADOX. By Mrs. Ormerod. Philadelphia: Drexel Biddle. 75 cents.

Katharine Randolph is looked upon as a widow. Her husband has been lost in a shipwreck, and Katharine, under the name of "Madam Paradox," becomes a writer for the magazines. She is one of those women born to be loved; "well groomed" and dainty and always suggestive of "dried rose leaves or orris-root sachet"; therefore, it is not long before her editor falls very seriously in love with her. But after an ideal courtship, and just as the marriage is about to take place, the drowned husband has the bad taste to reappear. He is a physical and a mental wreck, and when we leave Mrs. Randolph she is nursing him as a good and faithful wife should do, while the editor is waiting with the patience of a good and faithful lover for the death of the man who has so unceremoniously interfered with his happiness. The story also has to tell of an artist, who, judging by the rather *risqué* frontispiece, is having a hard time of it. Diverse forces are continually at war within him, and his enticing and beautiful model makes trouble for him when he tires of her and becomes engaged to a silly and unsophisticated young woman. For ourselves, we really think we prefer the model, bad as she is, for the other dear creature is so tiresomely negative. However, we have no doubt that she made the artist a good wife, and that is what the enticing and fascinating model could not do. To be sure, this is all hackneyed material, but the author has succeeded in making an entertaining story out of it, and that is something.

'POSTLE FARM. By George Ford. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.25.

As the novel of a new writer, *'Postle Farm* would be called rather promising. There is sympathy in it and high sentiment, and there are numerous well-written passages. But readers of *The Larramys* must be disappointed. It is far less robust and far more conventional than "George Ford's" earlier novel. She has chosen a subject so difficult and so unsuited to all but a very rare master of fiction, that practically it should be considered outside the range of fiction altogether—the development of a poet's soul. Quite apart from the fact that she has complicated her attempt by insisting also on the social evolution of the poetic heroine from a peasant girl to a woman of position, the attempt is a mistake. Only a poet could deal adequately with the theme, and he would neither adopt a novelist's nor a sentimentalist's means. Besides, in the conception and the history of her heroine George Ford wants courage. She gives her a brain illness, and deprives her of memory, to partially account for her poetical peculiarities. And she invents an aristocratic parentage to account for the refinement of this beautiful peasant. She obeys tradition, but not probability, and spoils interest. We expect something better from her than high aims and feeble design.

ON THE EDGE OF THE EMPIRE. By Edgar Jepson and Captain D. Beames. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

The authors of these stories must have seen a great deal of stirring life in camp, on the frontier and elsewhere in India. To use their experience as material for stories is quite according to the custom of the time, which is willing to treat as a story any incident put into few enough words. We venture to think they have made a mistake, even while we acknowledge that among the thirty pieces in the book there are one or two passably good tales. Their material would have stood them in much better stead if retailed in the form of reminiscences of travel and active service. In the form of stories it often shows thin; it is strained to be effective; it is unmistakably dull. Because things happen on the "edge of the Empire," there is a general feeling they must be tremendous; but one learns by a candid reading of these tales that the adventures of Mary Ann of Hammersmith may have just as much point. A great many of the anecdotes illustrate some phase of Indian or frontier life, and as such would have adorned and lighted up a descriptive paragraph; but the writers have neither selected nor cooked their material enough to turn it into good fiction.

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THE BOOK MART

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS AND BOOKSELLERS.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, September 1, 1899.

August, as a rule, proves to be the lightest month of the year to the bookseller, sales in all departments of literature reaching their lowest ebb. The month, however, is not devoid of interest, as many of the publishers take advantage of this time to show their samples of the forthcoming publications for the autumn and holiday seasons. The past month has been no exception in this respect, and the outlook for a large and varied list of new books is exceptionally good, single houses in some instances announcing in the neighbourhood of one hundred new works for early publication. Many of these lists are largely proportioned of books by well-known authors, of attractive subjects and tasteful in appearance, while others show an evident effort to be numerically strong at the expense of a wise selection.

Publications during August were limited as to number and contained practically no titles likely to sell largely. Sales, mostly of fiction, continued above the average for the season of the year, the leading books of the past few months remaining prominent. The question as to whether *David Harum* or *Richard Carvel* is now selling best is frequently heard, and apparently the latter work has secured the coveted position with *When Knighthood was in Flower* retaining third place. Other titles in particularly good demand are *No. 5 John Street, Prisoners of Hope, Children of the Mist* and *The Fowler.*

War literature continues to be published, but the demand is no longer a feature of the business. *The War with Spain,* by Henry Cabot Lodge, is one of the most recent issues in this line, and will probably be saleable as a permanent authority on the war.

Numerous publications are already out relating to the Dreyfus Case, the most popular being the *Letters of Dreyfus,* written to his wife.

The troublous affairs of South Africa are also attracting attention to the books of travel on that country and *The South African Question,* by Olive Schreiner, is likely to meet with considerable popularity.

Outside of the works of the standard poets no book of poetry has recently sold so readily as *The Man with the Hoe,* by Edwin Markham, which at present leads all other titles in this field.

The paper-bound book season is now closing, and, taken as a whole, may be said to be in excess of any of the past few years. It is interesting to note an increased demand for the titles of the limited paper editions which have been bound up in cheap cloth form.

The closing days of the month showed a revival of the school-book sales. Most of the educational publishers are bringing out new books, which, however, will require more or less introductory work to be spent upon them before they will be in general use. In this connection may be mentioned the continued sale of *The Students' Standard Dictionary,* the recently issued *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary* and the reprint of the original *Webster's Dictionary.*

The following list contains the best selling books of the month in their order of popularity:

Richard Carvel. By W. Churchill. $1.50.
David Harum. By Edward Noyes Westcott. $1.50.
When Knighthood was in Flower. By Edward Caskoden. $1.50.
No. 5 John Street. By R. Whiteing. $1.50.
Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.
Children of the Mist. By E. Phillpotts. $1.50.
The Fowler. By Beatrice Harraden. $1.50.
Red Rock. By Thomas Nelson Page. $1.50.
The Market Place. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.
Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.
The Strong Arm. By Robert Barr. $1.50.
The Man with the Hoe. By Edwin Markham. $1.00.
That Fortune. By Charles Dudley Warner. $1.50.
Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. $1.25.
The Dreamers—A Club. By J. K. Bangs. $1.25.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, September 1, 1899.

The eve of the busy season finds the trade almost without exception optimistic and hopeful. It seems to be the opinion, based upon the favourable conditions that prevail in the business world at present, and the brightness of the outlook, that the coming autumn will prove to be one of the best on record. It would appear, therefore, that with ordinary care and enterprise bookselling should be, in the coming season, more remunerative than it has been for a long time.

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The record of August business shows that the month made a most favourable showing, and the exceedingly brisk call for new and popular fiction, which has been such a feature of summer trade, continued unabated. Novels, however, are not the only class of books that are selling fast, despite the phenomenal sales the leaders have met with this year, for miscellaneous works of all kinds are still moving readily.

The deep interest taken in the Dreyfus trial is made apparent by a lively demand for books bearing upon the case, such as the *Letters of Dreyfus* and *The Dreyfus Story.*

Philippine literature is still in good demand, but, on the other hand, books dealing with Cuba and Porto Rico, which a short time since divided attention with those on the Asiatic islands, are not now receiving more than a normal call.

Richard Carvel is now receiving nearly as much free advertising as *David Harum* recently benefited by. The sale of the former book is astonishingly large, and goes to show that the popular taste for romantic and historical fiction is by no means satisfied yet. Publishers evidently intend to exploit the field thoroughly while it is remunerative, for it will be noticed that a large proportion of what will be the leading new novels of the autumn come under this category.

Books by new writers are being constantly added to the roll of leading and best selling works, and among the very latest and most pronounced successes a high place must be accorded *Children of the Mist,* by Eden Phillpotts.

Red Rock and *No. 5 John Street* met with exceedingly good sales last month, as indeed did most of the leading books, *David Harum* and *When Knighthood was in Flower* included.

Not a single new book appeared last month that could claim a place among the leaders; in fact, very few books of any kind were issued by the publishers, who are evidently busy with autumn preparations.

Owing, doubtless, to some good reason, *Aylwin,* by Mr. Watts-Dunton, and *The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys,* by Gulielma Zollinger, took a fresh start last month, the sale of each book showing an increase over any previous month this year.

The leading books of last month show scarcely any changes from the previous list in this column. Fiction, as usual, holds the field, but it may be noticed that the fiction has a wide range, varying from the romance of the sixteenth century down to a realistic portrayal of present-day slums.

The following books sold best last month:

David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. $1.50.

Richard Carvel. By W. Churchill. $1.50.

When Knighthood was in Flower. By E. Caskoden. $1.50.

Red Rock. By T. N. Page. $1.50.

No. 5 John Street. By Richard Whiteing. $1.50.

Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. $1.25.

The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys. By. G. Zollinger. $1.25.

Prisoners of Hope. By Mary Johnston. $1.50.

The Market Place. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.

The Battle of the Strong. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.

Those Dale Girls. By Francis W. Carruth. $1.25.

The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.

A Double Thread. By. E. T. Fowler. $1.50.

The Fowler. By Beatrice Harraden. $1.50.

Children of the Mist. By E. Phillpotts. $1.50.

Aylwin. By T. Watts-Dunton. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, July 24 to August 19, 1899.

During the period under notice a fair trade for the season of the year has been done. Of course, the holiday season, coupled with exceptionally fine weather, does not constitute the time of the booksellers' harvest. Out-door attractions are too strong, and literature, pure literature, must bide its time. In the colonial and foreign branches there has been a fairly good and steady business doing during the month.

The six-shilling novel has been selling more freely than might have been expected under all circumstances. *A Double Thread* and *No. 5 John Street* are the favourites of the moment.

The sixpenny novels are still moving, which is not surprising, considering the value given for the money in many cases, but the rush for this form of publication is practically at an end.

Elizabeth and Her German Garden and similar works are just now very popular.

Theological literature is in very small demand, and general literature is at the lowest point during the whole year, and, in fact, there is little else than the six-shilling novel that calls for notice.

As an exception, the sales of works on cricket have revived, the subject now being uppermost in the minds of many persons or non-players.

The Temperance Question is still to the fore, the demand for Rowntree's *Temperance Problem* being well sustained.

Large quantities of guide-books are still being sold, Murray, Baedeker and Black being still the favourite series.

There is little change in the magazine world, but the competition between the illustrated serials continues to be very keen. The principal ones are *Pall Mall, Harper's, Harmsworth, Strand, Windsor, Royal* and *Wide World. The Woman at Home* is unrivalled as a lady's magazine.

The appended list of books consists principally of works of fiction, there being little else in demand at the present moment.

A Double Thread. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

No. 5 John Street. By R. Whiteing. 6s. (Richards.)

Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)

David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. 6s. (Pearson.)

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Peter Binney, Undergraduate. By A. Marshall. 6s. (Bowden.)
Richard Carvel. By W. Churchill. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Ione March. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Hodder.)
The Individualist. By W. H. Mallock. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)
The Market Place. By H. Frederic. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Fowler. By B. Harraden. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)
Elizabeth and Her German Garden. 6s. (Macmillan.)
A Solitary Summer. 6s. (Macmillan.)
On the Edge of the Empire. By Jepson and Beames. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Dominion of Dreams. By Fiona Macleod. 6s. (Constable.)
Doctor Nikola's Experiment. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (Hodder.)
An Old Rogue's Tragedy. By Rita. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
A Semi-Detached Marriage. By A. Kenealy. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Willow the King. By J. C. Snaith. 6s. (Ward and Lock.)
"W. G." Cricket Reminiscences. By W. G. Grace. 6s. (Bowden.)
Love Made Manifest. By G. Boothby. 5s. (Ward and Lock.)
One Poor Scruple. By Mrs. Ward. 6s. (Longmans.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between August 1, 1899, and September 1, 1899. We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Children of the Mist. Phillpotts. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Poems. Markham. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.00.
4. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Children of the Mist. Phillpotts. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Concerning Isabel Carnaby. Fowler. (Appleton.) 50 cents.
5. Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan.) $1.75.
6. The Gadfly. Voynich. (Holt.) $1.25.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. The Gadfly. Voynich. (Holt.) $1.25.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Tent of Grace. Lust. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. A Double Thread. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. A Gentleman Player. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Bob, Son of Battle. Ollivant. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.25.
6. Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan.) $1.75.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. A Dash for a Throne. Marchmont. (New Amsterdam Book Co.) $1.25.
4. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. In Castle and Colony. Rayner. (Stone.) $1.50.
4. Children of the Mist. Phillpotts. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. The Fowler. Harraden. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Studies in Psychology of Woman. Marholm. (Stone.) $1.50.

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CINCINNATI, O.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. A Gentleman Player. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Concerning Isabel Carnaby. Fowler. (Appleton.) 50 cents.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. A Gentleman Player. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.
5. Children of the Mist. Phillpotts. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Honourable Peter Stirling. Ford. (Int. Book Pub. Co.) Paper, 50 cents.
3. Richard Carvel. Whiteing. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. Strong Arm. Barr. (Stokes.) $1.25.
6. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. A Double Thread. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Red Rock. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Children of the Mist. Phillpotts. (Putnam.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Major. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Reminiscences of Justin McCarthy. McCarthy. (Harper.) $4.50.
5. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. Black Douglas. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. Woman and Economics. Stetson. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. A Gentleman Player. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Myth and Romance. Cawein. (Putnam.) $1.25.
6. Garden of Swords. Pemberton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. A Double Thread. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Dross. Merriman. (Stone.) $1.75.
4. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Fowler. Harraden. (Dodd, Mead & C.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Major. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Concerning Isabel Carnaby. Fowler. (Appleton.) 50 cents.
6. No 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Cromwell's Own. Paterson. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Amateur Cracksman. Hornung. (Scribner.) $1.25.
5. That Fortune. Warner. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. A Gentleman Player. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Miss Cayley's Adventures. Allen. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. Her Majesty the King. Roche. (Badger.) $1.25.
6. A Gentleman Player. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.

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PORTLAND, ME.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Tiverton Tales. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Through Nature to God. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.00.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Garden of Swords. Pemberton. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. From Sea to Sea. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $2.00.
6. Cruise of the Cachalot. Bullen. (Appleton.) 25c. and $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Children of the Mist. Phillpotts. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. That Fortune. Warner. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. From Sea to Sea. Kipling. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $2.00.
6. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. The Fowler. Harraden. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. That Fortune. Warner. (Harper.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. A Double Thread. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Awkward Age. James. (Harper.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Copp-Clark Co.) 75 c. and $1.25.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Briggs.) 75c. and $1.25.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (McLeod.) 75c. and $1.25.
4. Strong Arm. Barr. (Briggs.) 75c. and $1.25.
5. Cruise of the Cachalot. Bullen. (Briggs.) 25 cents.
6. Red Rock. Page. (Publishers' Syndicate.) 75c. and $1.25.

TOLEDO, O.

1. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. That Fortune. Warner. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War. Dunne. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.25.

TUCSON, ARI.

1. Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Cruise of the Cachalot. Bullen. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Black Douglas. Crockett. (Doubleday & McClure Co.) $1.50.
6. The Celebrity. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. { David Harum. Westcott. (Appleton.) $1.50.
   { Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. When Knighthood was in Flower. Caskoden. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. No. 5 John Street. Whiteing. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Market Place. Frederic. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. A Gentleman Player. Stephens. (Page.) $1.50.
6. Children of the Mist. Phillpotts. (Putnam.) $1.50.

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